

The Sketch.



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The Sketch

No. 1039.—Vol. LXXX.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1912.

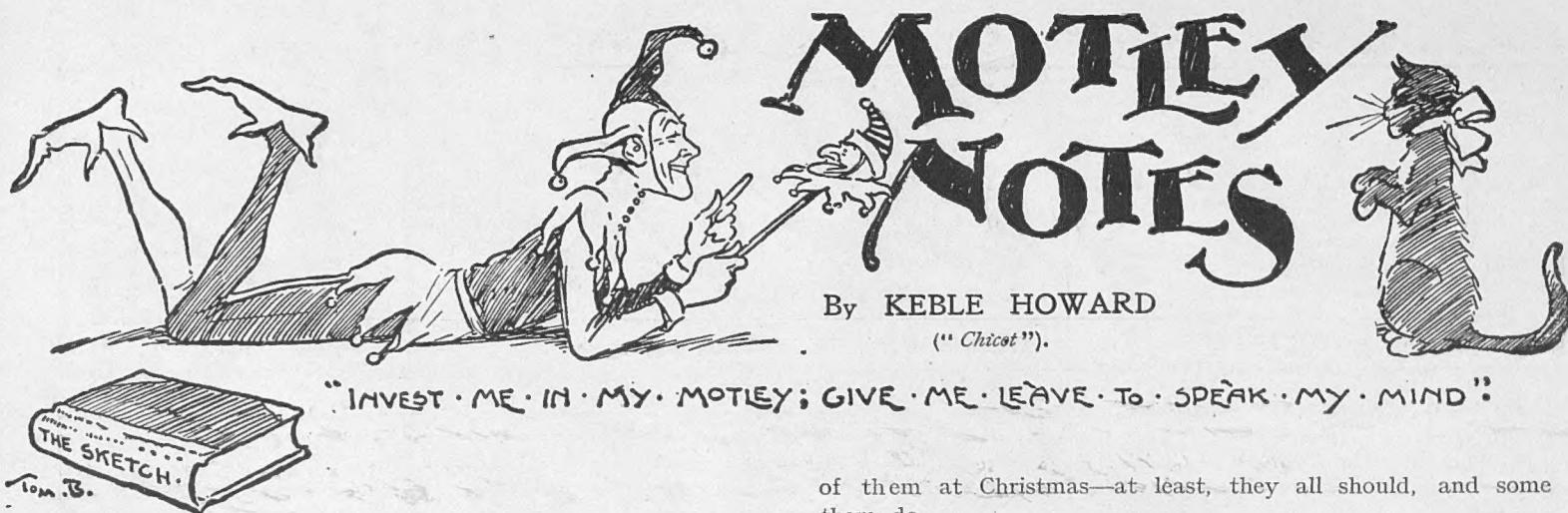
SIXPENCE.



CHARMINGLY CAPPED AND GOWNED: MISS MARIE TEMPEST IN "AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION,"
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

It is arranged that the triple bill formerly given at matinées shall be played in the evenings at the Prince of Wales's, beginning on Dec. 26. This includes
"An Imaginary Conversation," by Mr. Norreys Connell.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



By KEBBLE HOWARD

(*"Chicot"*).

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND":

The Unpopularity of Christmas. "Talking about Christmas," said Uncle Bodger, "do you like Christmas yourself?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"About how much?"

"Oh, very much."

"Awfully?"

"Yes, awfully."

"Liar!" said Uncle Bodger.

"But I do! I have always liked Christmas! I have——"

"Have—yes. That's just the point. You always have liked Christmas, but do you continue to like it? Or do you find yourself, each year, wishing more and more that Christmas was over?"

"I think I can truthfully say that——"

"No, you can't, so you needn't. Christmas is popular with children; for a child in happy surroundings there is no time like Christmas. Young people—that is to say, people who have just reached the lovesick stage—find Christmas helpful. They can gorge on sentimentality to the full at this time of the year. But grown-up people do not like Christmas at all, and many of them are frank enough to say that they hate it. I met a man this morning who used the word 'beastly' in connection with Christmas seven times in three minutes."

Why Christmas is Unpopular. "Do you like Christmas, Uncle Bodger?"
"No, Sir, I do not."
"Oh, my dear Uncle!"

"Don't contradict me, Sir! And don't talk to me as though you had some respect for me, because you know very well, and I know very well, that you haven't a scrap. You despise me for a selfish old pig, and that's exactly what I am. And it is just because I am a selfish old pig that I do not like Christmas. We are all selfish, and that is why we all hate Christmas."

"I've examined into this matter," continued the dear old gentleman, "and I know what I'm talking about. When Christmas comes round, we think of Christmas as it used to be. We think of the presents we used to get, and the turkey and the plum-pudding we used to eat, and the parties we used to attend, and the slides we used to make, and the snowballs we used to throw. We think of the thrill that we used to feel when the Christmas bells rang out, suddenly and sharply, into the frosty night. We think of the bad nuts we used to give to the carol-singers, and the suppressed excitement all over the house on Christmas Eve, and the snowy surplices of the choir, and the postman staggering up to the door four hours late, and the pantomime, and the tips, and the damage we did with the new knife on the legs of the kitchen-table. And we hate Christmas because we can't get those thrills back again."

How to Enjoy Christmas. "I suppose there is a great deal of truth in what you say, Uncle."

"Don't suppose me your supposings, Sir! It is all true—every word of it! And now I'll tell you how to enjoy your Christmas just as much as you did when you were a boy. There are still plenty of thrills in Christmas if people want to find them."

"Put it out of your head altogether that Christmas was meant for *you* to enjoy. Christmas was not meant for *you* to enjoy. It was meant for the children, in the first place—the children of the rich and the children of the poor. Then it was meant for the sick and the poor. It was meant for them because people think more

of them at Christmas—at least, they all should, and some of them do.

"That is the way, Sir, to enjoy Christmas when you are grown up. Open your heart to the children, and the poor, and the sick. It isn't only giving that matters. It is the interest in them, the attention, the sympathy, the acknowledgment that they, too, are on earth, and the letting them see that you feel for them in their troubles and in their pain. The poor are not so greedy as some would have you believe. If they can't get anything else, they will get money. They take your money if you have nothing else to give. But let them see that you have a little charity, a little kindness to spare, and they will leave you your money."

"That ass I met this morning would not have believed that if I had told him. I like to see the poor rob a chap of that sort."

The Christmas Tip.

"But surely, Uncle, there is much truth in the complaint that Christmas has become a mere excuse to extort money?"

"Yes, there is a great deal of truth in that. I will tell you what has gone far, in my opinion, to spoil Christmas—the organisation of the tip. Twenty-five and thirty years ago, the postman used to come to my door on Christmas morning, and he never went away without something in his pocket and something in his stomach. I looked forward to that Christmas morning visit from the postman, and I thought of all the wet and cold days on which he had faithfully delivered my letters, and my heart opened to him. I treated him accordingly."

"What happens now? My letters are delivered on Christmas morning, but I do not see my friend the postman. He hurries off, and the charming little ceremony of years gone by is lost. A fortnight later, when I have forgotten all about Christmas, my servant comes in with a dirty little washing-book on a tray."

"What's this?" I growl.

"The Postmen's Christmas-Box, Sir."

"Oh, confound the fellow! Why didn't he come at the right time?" And I give without gladness, and without generosity, half the amount that I gave in earlier years."

"Yes, Sir, organised tipping is a mistake. It is a mistake for the tipped as well as for the tipper. I can tell them that."

Personal v. Organised Tip.

"But how about the club tip, Uncle? What are you to do if you don't put your name down in the book in the usual way? You break a rule of the club if you tip personally, and——"

"A fig for the rules of the club, Sir! The Committee themselves break the rule when they place the book in a conspicuous place for the members to record the amount of their donations."

"Then do you tip personally, Uncle?"

"What has that to do with you, Sir?"

"Nothing, Uncle, nothing; I merely wanted to know."

"Then your curiosity shall not be gratified. What I do is my own affair, but I do not fling my tip into a general pool to be scrambled for by people who have done nothing for me, and in whom I take not a spark of interest. You may trust me to know which are the men who deserve well of me, and which do not."

"But surely, Uncle, at Christmas——"

"Dash it, Sir, can't a man live up to his ideals of Christmas without making a silly ass of himself? Must we lose our heads just because the holly is in berry and the bells are ringing? Argumentative——!"

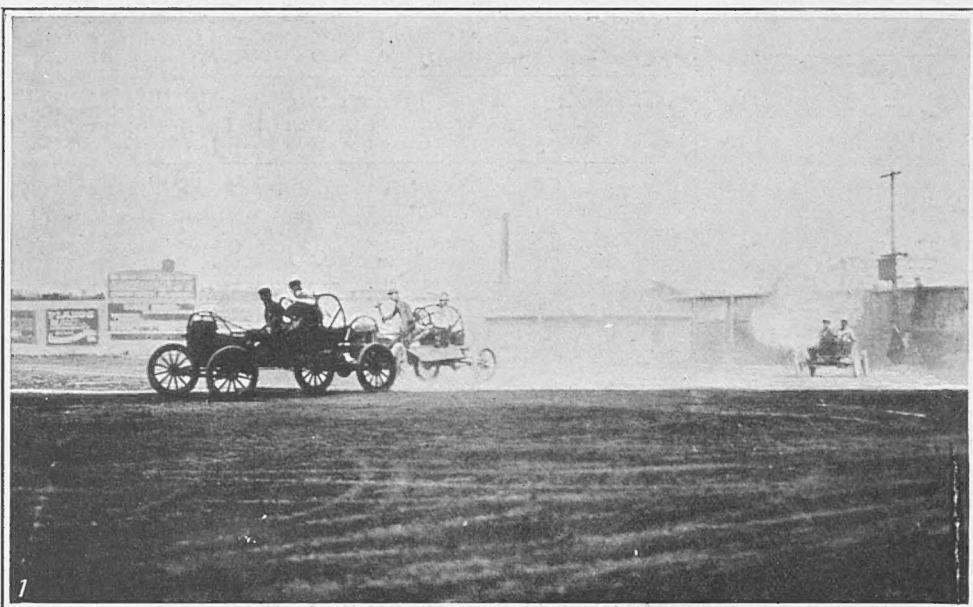
CHRISTMAS BOYS AND GIRLS: PANTOMIME PRINCIPALS.



1. MISS LULU VALLI—JACK IN "TWINKLE LITTLE STAR," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES', BIRMINGHAM.
 2. MISS NORAH DRLANY—ALADDIN, AT THE KENNINGTON THEATRE.
 3. MISS KITTY COLVER—ALICE IN "DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE KING'S, HAMMERSMITH.
 4. MISS DAISY WOOD—DICK IN "DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.
 5. MISS EDNA MORGAN—THE PRINCE IN "CINDERELLA," AT THE ROYAL, NOTTINGHAM.
 6. MISS ADA THOMAS—THE PRINCESS IN "ALADDIN," AT THE KENNINGTON THEATRE.
 7. MISS DAISY JAMES—PRINCIPAL BOY IN "THE FORTY THIEVES," AT THE LYCEUM.
 8. MISS OLIVE SLOANE—COLIN IN "MOTHER GOOSE," AT THE ROYAL ARTILLERY THEATRE, WOOLWICH.
 9. MISS MAY GARSTANG—ALADDIN, AT THE MARLBOROUGH THEATRE.
 10. MISS MARJORIE MANNERS—THE PRINCESS IN "ALADDIN," AT THE BROADWAY, NEW CROSS.
 11. MISS ELLA RETFORD—HUMPTY-DUMPTY, AT THE GRAND, LEEDS.
 12. MISS DOROTHY CRASKE—PRINCIPAL BOY AT THE NEW, CARDIFF.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Charles and Russell, Ralph, Hana, Campbell-Gray, and Morrison.

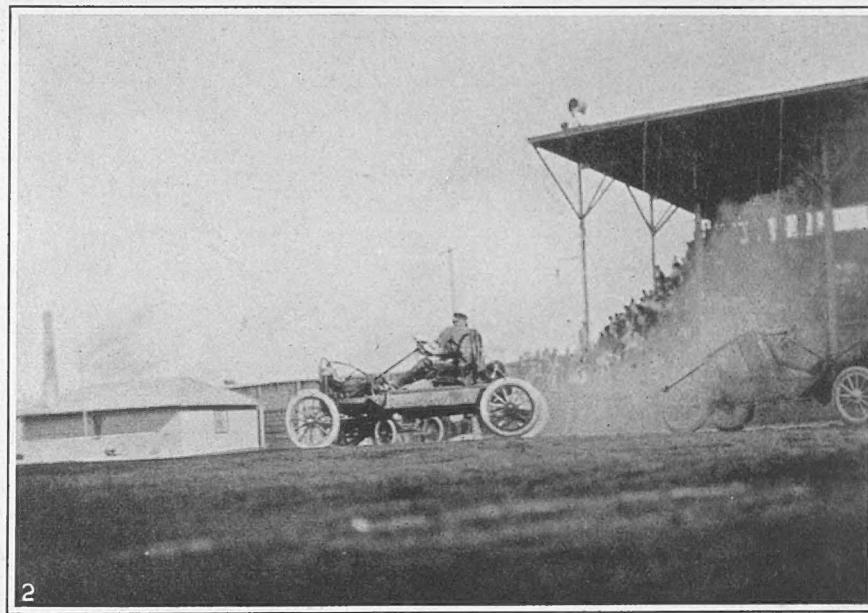
AUTO-POLO: THE MOTOR-CAR INSTEAD OF THE PONY.



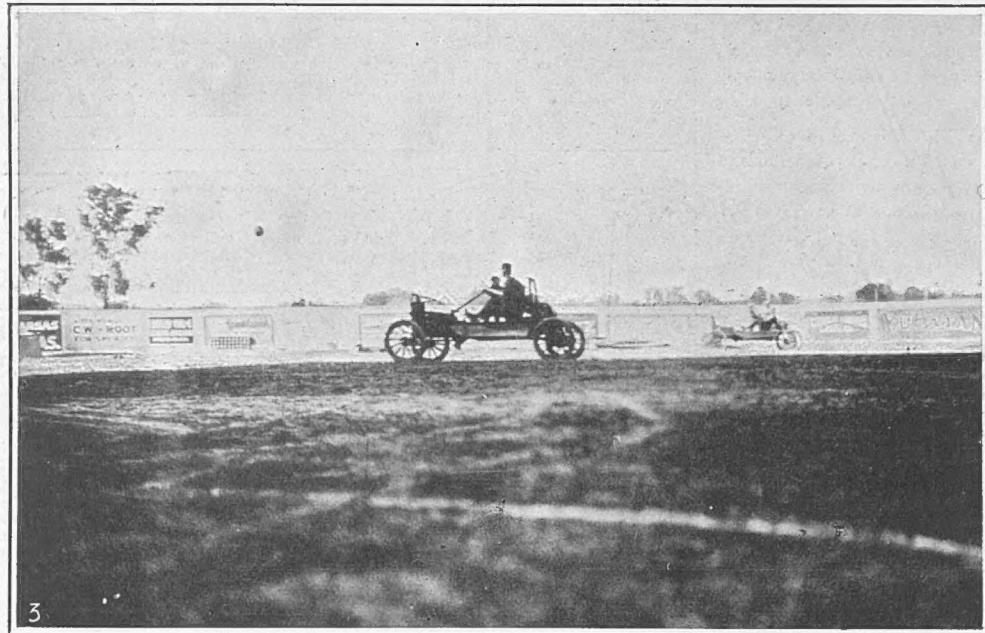
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means of locomotion is autos instead of horses. The machines used are racing cars, stripped almost to the chassis, and they are geared in such a manner that it is almost impossible to kill the engine, even if the car tips over, which is a frequent occurrence. The occupants of each car consist of the driver of the car and a mallet-man, or jockey. There are four contestants, or two cars on each side. A referee and a timekeeper follow the game in another car. The game is divided into five periods of ten minutes each, with an intermission of five minutes between each period. At the start of the game the ball is placed in the middle of the field, the opposing players being lined up in their cars, with engines started, behind their respective goal-lines. At the firing of the referee's pistol the cars all start for the ball. The object of the game, as in ordinary polo, is to drive the ball between

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OUR Correspondent writes: "The latest 'thriller' in the world of sport is auto-polo, which combines all the risks of a bullfight, a football game, and a ride in an aeroplane. It is of recent origin—so recent, in fact, that it was played for the first time only last summer. Its inception was the result of a bet between two auto-owners in Wichita, Kansas, regarding which was the cleverer in the manipulation of his car. The game as played at Wichita gave every opportunity for dare-devil driving, quick turns, sudden stops and starts, and all that goes with expert autoing. It was so entertaining and exciting to the three thousand people who witnessed the first game that the players have received many offers to play exhibition games in various cities throughout the country. Wherever there are many automobiles auto-polo is destined to become a popular sport, according to those who saw the first contests. It is played with an air-filled ball about the size of an ordinary basket-ball, and practically the same rules which govern the playing of ordinary polo are used in auto-polo, the main difference being that the



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the opponents' goal-posts. All driving of the ball is done with a mallet in the hands of the jockey, though it is allowable to block the ball with a car, or to block a drive with the hands or arms. Should the ball bound into a car it must at once be tossed to the ground. No player is allowed to leave his car or touch his foot to the ground during the time play is in progress, the penalty being one goal against the offending side. Players are not penalised for leaving the car to crank an engine or in case of accident. To distinguish the teams [at Wichita], the players on one side wore red sweaters and were called 'The Red Devils,' while those on the other side wore grey sweaters and were known as 'The Grey Ghosts.' The game was played on a field 1100 feet long and 800 feet wide, the goal-posts being set 30 feet apart. It is possible to play the game on a much smaller field. The contest at Wichita ended in a tie, each team scoring two goals."

1. PLAYING POLO ON MOTOR-CARS: "BLOCKING OFF" AN OPPOSING CAR.

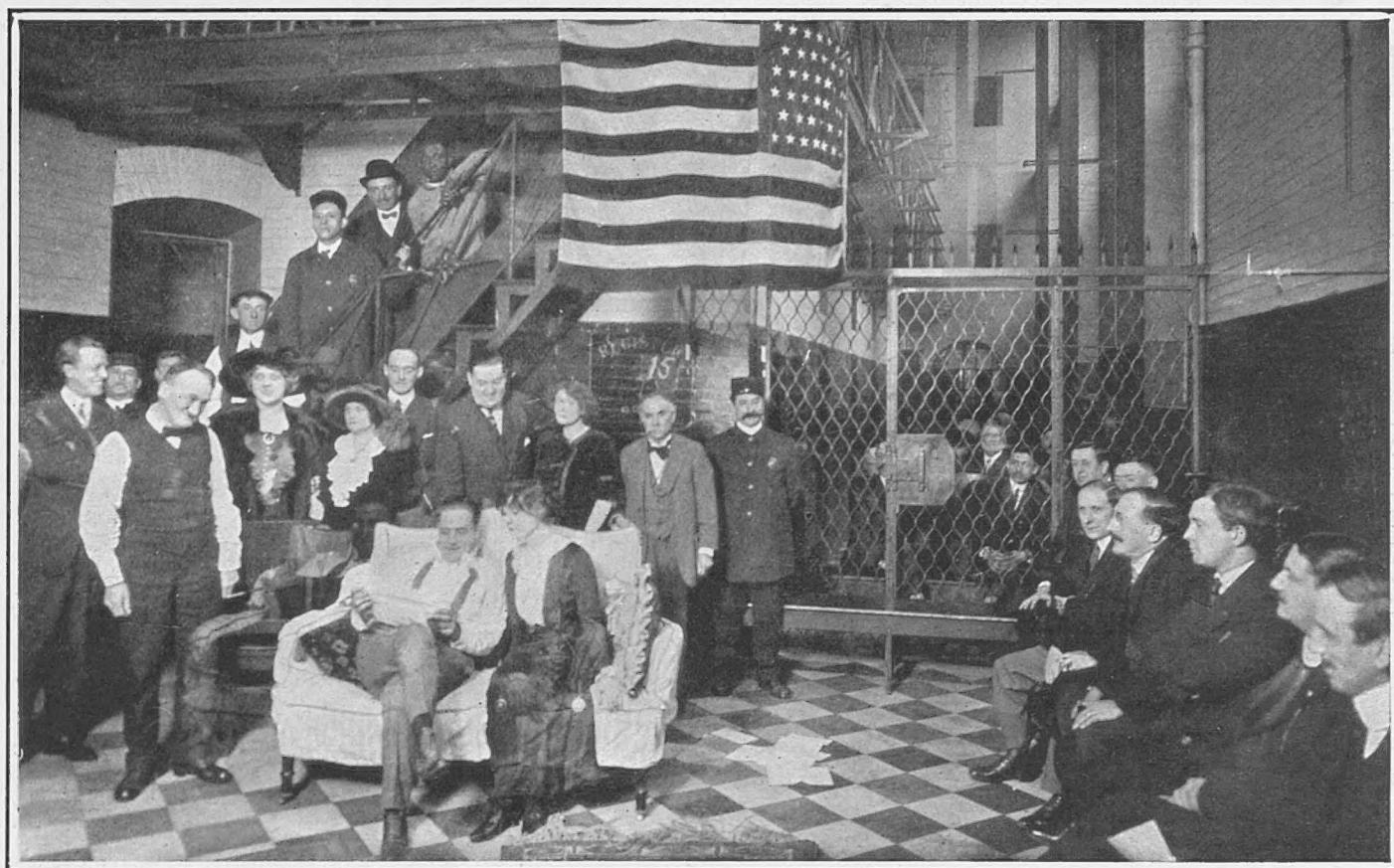
2. A CLOSE SHAVE OF WHEELS DURING A GAME.

3. RACING ALONG THE LINE FOR THE BALL.

At the game of Auto-Polo played at Wichita, the players on one side wore red sweaters and were called "The Red Devils"; those on the other side wore grey sweaters and were called "The Grey Ghosts." The contest took place on a field 1100 feet long and 800 feet wide. The goal-posts were thirty feet apart.

Photographs by Fleet Agency.

THE EVER-AMAZING U.S.A.: STRANGE PHASES OF ITS LIFE.



WITH THE AUDIENCE BEHIND BARS: A PERFORMANCE OF "OUR WIVES" FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF MEN SERVING SENTENCES FOR REFUSING TO PAY ALIMONY, IN LUDLOW STREET GAOL, NEW YORK.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



MOURNING "MONKEY": AT THE BIER OF A PET PUG—AN ASTONISHING CEREMONY IN CINCINNATI.

Our photographs illustrate two very remarkable phases of American life, phases of the kind in which American journalists delight, inasmuch as they offer them opportunity for much "copy," and, particularly, for headlines facetious and otherwise. The first shows a theatrical performance given for the amusement of men serving sentences in Ludlow Street Gaol, New York, rather than pay alimony to their wives. The second illustrates an incident connected with the obsequies, at Cincinnati, of "Monkey," a valuable pug-dog who died recently at the age of twenty. It is said that the funeral cost some £30; and a "service" was held. "Monkey" had never been separated from his mistress since she purchased him at the age of seven weeks, and he accompanied her over at least fifty thousand miles in the United States.

Photograph by Fleet.

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TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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CHRISTMAS CONFERENCES—ROYAL CLUBMEN—PATRICK'S BLUE FOR THE IRISH FLAG?

A City of Peace. It is a compliment to the tranquil state of mind of the people of Great Britain, and of London in particular, that our capital has been chosen to be the city in which the Peace delegates meet. Great Britain has no particular interests in the Balkan imbroglio except to obtain, if possible, peace, and to safeguard her commercial enterprises. Passing through Servia and Bulgaria some years ago, I found that the Englishman has a hand in most of the commercial undertakings in those countries. The finest factory I saw in Servia had been established with English capital, and most of the Englishmen I chanced to meet in Bulgaria were there to press some British enterprise backed by British money. It will be a feather in the cap of Sir Edward Grey and Great Britain if the Christmas conference of London does bring peace to Turkey and the Balkans.

The Ambassadors' Conference. And it is a feather in the caps of the Ambassadors of the Great Powers to the Court of St. James's that they are to be the delegates to the meeting of the Ambassadors which is intended as a species of clearing-house for the deliberations of the Peace delegates. M. Paul Cambon, who is a Grand Cross of the Victorian Order, and who has been a good friend to the Entente between his country and ours, is a most popular as well as a most acute representative of France. He, however, is still mistrustful of his command of our tongue, and except to an Englishman who is unable to speak French, M. Cambon always talks in his native tongue. Another very good Englishman when he is in London is Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, who likes our club life, who talks English as though he were an Englishman, and who is an extremely popular member of the Marlborough, the Turf, and the Beefsteak. Count Mensdorff, the representative of Austria (who has also "Pouilly" and "Dietrichstein" fastened by hyphens to his front name) is a great favourite with all circles, from royal ones down to those of country-house parties. Only those Englishmen who have met him in his own country, or who remember him when, many years ago, he was at the German Embassy, are in touch as yet with the recently arrived German Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, but as he has been appointed especially to smooth over all the difficulties between the two countries, his imperial master must have a great belief in his abilities.

The Prince of Wales' New Club. The Prince of Wales, having become a member of Vincent's, the well-known Oxford undergraduate club, has now become a full-blown London clubman, for his name has been inscribed as a member on the books of the Marlborough, that quiet little club with a Gothic

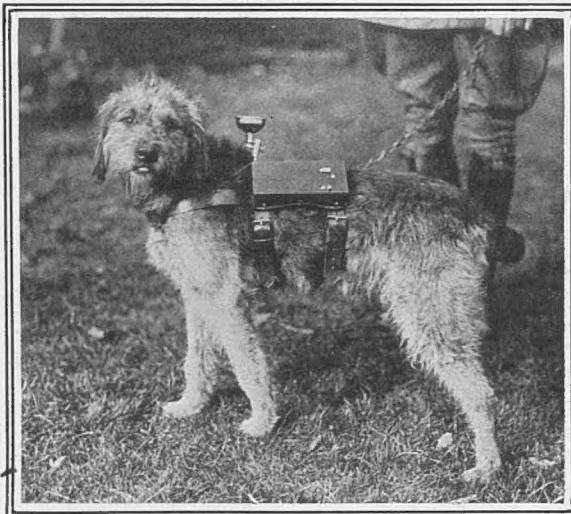
exterior which is almost ecclesiastical, on the north side of Pall Mall. It is a club which selects its members with the greatest care; the Ambassadors dine there more frequently, perhaps, than in any other club, and any very distinguished foreigners, on a visit to this country, whom royalty wishes to honour are made honorary members of it. Its first members were the entourage of King Edward at the time that he was Prince of Wales. The usually accepted history of the club's beginning is that there was a difference of opinion in White's Club as to smoking in the drawing-room, and that the then Prince of Wales sympathised with those members who saw no reason why this particular room should be reserved for those who did not smoke. It was with his sympathy that the Marlborough was founded, and though his name remained as an honorary member on the books of White's Club, the club of which he made use was the new one in Pall Mall.

The Flag of Ireland.

Ireland is to be allowed to choose her own flag for her

public buildings, and Mr. Redmond, though he acknowledges that he has predilections, cannot say at the moment whether it will be a flag of Patrick's blue or of "immortal green." The making of flags is a very pretty pastime—one of those branches of heraldry which enthusiasts find a delightful occupation. It is not for a mere Englishman to give advice to Irishmen, but I have in my time seen so many hot quarrels over the green flag that I think the Irishmen would be wise to fix on some new flag which would bring with it no old animosities. When, in the year of the Chicago Exhibition, a military tournament troop of retired British soldiers of all the services went to the

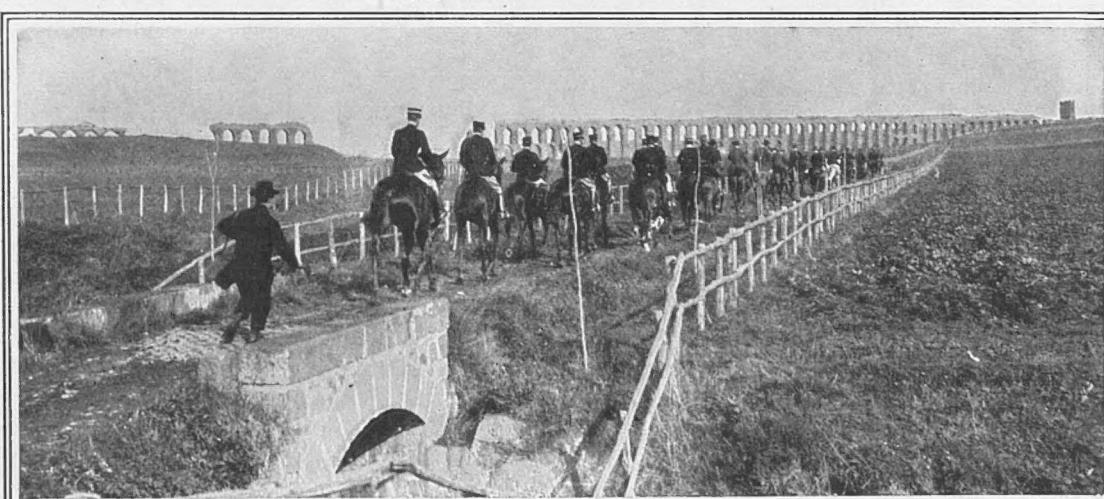
"Windy City" to show the good people there what a British military tournament was, the hall in which the exercises and pageant took place was hung with the English and Scottish and Irish flags. The American-Irish of Chicago strongly resented the fact that the harp on the green Irish flag was a crowned harp, and they made their anger felt so effectively that the Irish flags were taken down. I had the pleasure of the



CARRYING A LIGHT SO THAT THE RED CROSS MEN MAY FOLLOW IT AT NIGHT-TIME: A WAR-DOG, WITH AN ELECTRIC LIGHT ON ITS BACK, AS A.D.C. TO A BLOODHOUND.

Major Richardson has just returned from the Montenegrin frontier, where he has been testing again the value of dogs in war. A bloodhound was trained as an ambulance dog. Its keen scent led it to the wounded. Strapped to its back was a first-aid set containing stimulants, with the aid of which a slightly wounded man could revive himself sufficiently to get back to camp. After dark, the bloodhound was accompanied by an Airedale with an electric light on its back: this, of course, to indicate the dog's whereabouts to the Red Cross men. It is claimed also that dogs carrying lights in this fashion might be used as decoys to draw the enemy's fire at night.

Photograph by Partridge's Pictorial Press.



FOX-HUNTING IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA: ON THE WAY TO THE MEET.

The Roman Campagna, which has Rome near its centre, and through which the Appian Way runs, extends along the west coast of Italy from Cape Linaro, south of Civita Vecchia, to Asturia and the Pontine Marshes, and inland to the Alban and Sabine Hills.

Photograph by Abeniacar.

acquaintance of that Mayor of New York who stoutly refused to hoist the green flag over the city hall on St. Patrick's Day, saying that the American flag was the right flag to fly there on every day in the year. This raised a tempest of indignation amongst the Irish-born citizens of New York; but the Mayor stood to his guns, and during his period of office the American flag, and only the American flag, flew over the municipal headquarters. Patrick's blue is an exceedingly pretty colour, and is the colour of the plume of the Irish Guards. It would be a pretty ground for the flag of pacified Ireland.



AT Trinity, where in all probability Prince Albert will go, several interesting experiments await the budding athlete. An undergraduate with any pretensions to speed (and Prince Albert is something of a runner) is almost bound to try the round of the Court while midnight is striking. The bells take forty-three seconds—a time too short for most men. The running leap up the eight steps in front of the Hall is still more difficult. Those who cannot jump up jump down.

The Old Order. The King put up at Trinity during the Manoeuvres. It is the royal college of Cambridge, and has been since its foundation. That each of the 'Varsities would have its Prince was understood from the first, and in Cambridge it has been taken for granted that Trinity would be his Majesty's choice. "Cambridge and Oxford," Prince Albert will, like all true-blue Cambridge men, learn to say, as if that were the only natural order for the words. Perhaps he will be corrected by a Magdalen man! And since Prince Albert is devoted to the idea of a naval career, he may also feel inclined to



THE ENGAGEMENT OF "THE WORLD'S RICHEST SPINSTER": MISS HELEN GOULD, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. FINLEY SHEPARD.

An engagement is announced between Miss Helen Gould, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Jay Gould, the Railway King, and Mr. Finley Shepard, of St. Louis, a minister's son, who started work in railway management in 1889. Miss Gould inherited £2,000,000; and it is estimated that her fortune is now £5,000,000. She is forty-four, and her future husband, who is assistant to the President of the Gould Railway Lines, is forty-five. Miss Gould is a great philanthropist.—[Photograph by Fleet.]

change the order of precedence in another couple of words. Why do we never say, "Navy and Army"?

Two Dates with One Stone. Prince Albert is still of an age to be grateful

that his birthday and Christmas are decently separated. He is not in the plight of the girl who bemoaned her fate to Robert Louis Stevenson because, being born on the 25th, she did not receive two lots of presents like other Christian people. Her tale was so pathetic that it was solemnly leagued-and-covenanted between them that she should have the use of Stevenson's own date, and at this moment, as it happens, she is in London enjoying gifts which are not doing a double duty. But the time will come when Prince Albert may regret the interval. The royal family is inundated with presents. "Many thanks for the pretty vase. I have placed it with those you have already given me," is a type of the letter that has to be written by the dozen on all great occasions.

The Honours List.

Will the actor-manager of common report be the only stage Knight on the approaching Honours List? Already five actors have won their spurs; but Mr. Barrie is unhonoured. The actors, it is pointed out, get all the plums. Need the authors be greatly commiserated? So long as they have their "royalties" they are generally content to be without the titles. For many reasons, the actor or the actor-manager is more keen about the "Sir," and because he is keen about it he gets it. Who can go to headquarters and say

that Mr. Barrie would be a happier man for being put upon the List? And the feelings of Mr. Galsworthy are equally problematic. It might be worth while offering "G. B. S." a knighthood for the joy he would have in refusing it. That he is already in "Burke," on the score of a distinguished ancestor, is a grim secret only lately revealed.

A Title and a Title-Page.

Lord Latymer rescued his barony from abeyance too late for his latest book. A second edition, however, will give him the opportunity of correcting the title-page. He hardly knows whether it should read: "By Francis Coutts (Lord Latymer)," or "By Lord Latymer (Francis Coutts)." Shall the poet give way to the Baron, or the Baron to the poet? And will a second edition be the sooner called for because of the title? More interesting to Lord Latymer than anything that Burke may have to say about him is the good opinion of true lovers of poetry; and he does not pretend to be indifferent to his publisher's reports of sales. A sale is the first step. Even Burke may become a true lover of poetry when he reads his new client's "A Poet's Charter."

The Christmas Trees. The hotel

has by no

means won the day. Half-a-dozen peers, including Lord Granard and Lord Oranmore and Browne, who establish themselves in London houses and use London restaurants during the year, have returned to Ireland for the festival. Lady Lansdowne is obliged to stay in town, but members of



ENGAGED TO LIEUT. R. E. WYNNE-ROBERTS: MISS L. D. NAPIER.

Miss Napier is the only daughter of Colonel the Hon. J. S. Napier (brother of Lord Napier and Ettrick), a distinguished soldier, and formerly Inspector of Army Gymnasia.—[Photograph by Langfier.]

her own household and dozens of neighbouring friends have left for country places. The Duchess of Rutland has a party, including Sir Herbert and several other Beerbohm Trees, at Belvoir; the Duchess of Sutherland almost directly after her Silver Sale left for Edinburgh; Lady Dundonald and her daughters are in Wales, and the Duke of Devonshire celebrates the day with the Duchess and a family party at Chatsworth.

Lady Cardigan's Guests.

Lady Cardigan is not at the end of her "copy." She has been entertaining large parties at Deene Park, where Sir Bache Cunard, Captain Maudslay, Mr. Charles A. Pelham, and Captain E. Brudenell-Bruce have been shooting under her auspices, and where Lady Augusta Fane was lately with her. The Deene Park party is renewed for Christmas, and is large enough to prove that most people are willing to brave the revelations of a second volume of "Reminiscences."



TWENTY-FIVE AND NOW MARRIED: MRS. THOMAS C. BUNDY (FORMERLY MISS MAY SUTTON).

Miss May Sutton, the famous lawn-tennis player, said three years ago that no woman ought to marry until she was twenty-five. She herself was twenty-five on Sept. 23 last, and on Dec. 11 her wedding took place at Los Angeles. Mrs. Bundy was born at Plymouth, but has spent the greater part of her life in the United States. In 1904 she won the American Championship; in 1905 and 1907 she won the championship at Wimbledon; and in 1907 also she won the Canadian Championship.

[Photograph by Sport and General.]

PAINTED LEGS FOR THE DANCER; AND GEM-STUDDED HEELS.



LIMNING THE LIMBS; AND GEMMING THE SHOES: FLOWERS PAINTED ON THE SKIN OF THE LEG;
AND HEELS WITH PRECIOUS STONES.

From time to time, we have illustrated many freaks of fashion in "The Sketch." Here we deal with two others, though we ought not to suggest, perhaps, that the painted leg may become fashionable. It was first seen, we are informed, "worn" by dancers in United States music-halls. Now a Berlin ballet-dancer has followed their example and has had flowers painted on the skin of her legs in the manner shown. The heels illustrated, which, it need not be pointed out, are quite attractive, are studded with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. They are all by the Maison Henri à La Pensée.—[Photographs by Underwood and Underwood and C.N.]



SIR EDWARD GREY.

SIR EDWARD GREY is as innocent of the Slav tongues as he is of Arabic. He knows how to be silent, that is, in five languages, and, what is better, in his own. That the arts of silence count for more than those of speech is the first rule in the primary grammar of the Foreign Office. It is a rule that our present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has never broken, and if he has the confidence of all the Delegates (and they all speak English) the reason is not far to seek.

Diplomacy. The last time Sir Edward Grey took refuge behind a classical quotation in the House of Commons a Labour Member insisted on being furnished with a translation. That incident, perhaps, has done much to kill the dead languages, especially for scholars less confident than Sir Edward. But there are translations and translations. Captured once by a reporter, Sir Edward began, "I must be guarded in my language," and finished his remarks in Latin. "I—er—don't quite catch it," said the reporter. "Then I'll talk more distinctly," said the other; and did—in Greek.

His Book. Of a tedious speaker it was said that he looked the mute which unfortunately he was not. The *mot* can be turned round about for Sir Edward. He is a good talker, looks it, and has the stuff to talk about; only he does not talk. Long and important speeches are to be found under his name in Hansard, but they are few and far between. He does not babble between times. The same reserve governs his pen. The only book he has given to an expectant world naturally finds a place on the bookshelves of all the Corps Diplomatique. But the place it has is one of courtesy; the book is of little use to Second Secretaries in a hobble. It is on fly-fishing.

The Squirrels and the Secretary. Still an active man, he is a veteran only in the cruel world of competitive athletics, in which a cricketer is ancient at thirty-five and a runner ruinously old as soon as he comes to the age of reason. It is true that Sir Edward's railroad-service has ceased to rattle along at its old speed; for it is sixteen years since he was the M.C.C. and Queen's Club champion in the quickest of all games—authentic tennis. With the rod he is always on good terms. At his beloved Fallodon he has his stream at the bottom of his garden; an incomparable collection of foreign ducks to remind him gently of foreign parts; and on his lawn he feeds his squirrels, peace delegates from an alien world of leaves.

At Fallodon. Those squirrels, indeed, do more than honour his lawn. At breakfast-time they enter the open French windows of the Fallodon dining-room without fear, while the

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs puts down his *Times* to throw them nuts and recite *Æsop's fables* in the original. At home he becomes entirely the countryman. By birth and residence and marriage, Northumberland is his county. If the truth were known, it is probable that he likes the Foreign Office rather less than any other human habitation that could have fallen to his lot. He knows nothing of the Winstonian joy in strife. But he is tenacious, even in office that has no delights for him.

A Neutral Grey. We learn all about the "the heart of Edward Grey" in Tennyson's poem. The Laureate's young man is needlessly expansive, with the result that his namesake has never liked him. Sir Edward was a keen Tennysonian in early days, but he always drew the line at the ballad of Edward Grey. The First Secretary's heart has never been worn on his sleeve, although both friends and opponents have sometimes wished to see it there. They have wished to see it because they have been at a loss to know their man without it: his face gives away nothing. Even the caricaturists are eluded. The features are strong, the expression is firm, but they can make nothing of them. He refuses to be turned either to guy or hero.



MUCH INTERESTED IN MEETINGS OF PEACE DELEGATES AND AMBASSADORS :
SIR EDWARD GREY, THE BRITISH MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir Edward Grey, Minister for Foreign Affairs since 1905, has been M.P. for Berwick-on-Tweed since 1885. He is the third Baronet of a creation dating from 1814. He was born in April 1862, son of Captain George Henry Grey, and succeeded his grandfather in 1882. He married Miss Dorothy Widdington, daughter of Mr. S. F. Widdington, of Newton Hall, Northumberland. She died in 1906. From 1892 to 1895, he was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In 1896 he won the M.C.C. and Queen's Club tennis prize. At the request of the delegates, Sir Edward Grey has agreed to act as Honorary President of the Peace Conference.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Grey and Graves. Alliances between politicians and the Press are powerful influences in all conspicuous Parliamentary careers. Very happy is the feeling now existing between the Foreign Office and editors who, with another sort of man for Secretary, might make even the Peace Conference the occasion for an onslaught. The alliance is particularly close in one case. Mr. C. L. Graves, the assistant editor of the *Spectator*, is related to Sir Edward, and is, besides, the author of sallies in *Punch* that make him smile, even in a crisis. Disraeli once turned the tide at a Cabinet meeting with a humorous anecdote, and Sir Edward agrees that there is nothing like a little judicious levity—if not in a Premier, at least in a brother-in-law.

He never said a foolish thing,
Nor did he an unwise one—
writes one of the authors
(and one of them is his relative) of "Wisdom While You Wait."

ANOTHER "REPARATION" PLAY: "THE ELDEST SON,"
AT THE KINGSWAY.

1. THE ELDEST SON AND THE LADY'S MAID: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MR. CHARLES MAUNSELL AS THE REV. JOHN LATTER, MISS MARY DEVERELL AS JOAN CHESHIRE, MISS IRENE MCLEOD AS DOT CHESHIRE, MISS WINIFRED SCOTT AS CHRISTINE KEITH, MISS ELLEN O'MALLEY AS MABEL LANFARNE, MR. GUY RATHBONE AS BILL CHESHIRE (THE ELDEST SON), AND MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS FREDA STUDDENHAM.

2. THE BARONET'S WIFE: MISS IRENE ROOKE AS LADY CHESHIRE. 3. THE BARONET: MR. EDMUND MAURICE AS SIR WILLIAM CHESHIRE. 4. THE LADY'S MAID SEDUCED BY THE ELDEST SON: MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT AS FREDA.

Like Mr. Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes," the plot of Mr. John Galsworthy's new play, "The Eldest Son," turns on the question whether marriage should be the form of reparation for the seduction of a girl by a young man in a higher station of life. Bill Cheshire, the eldest son of Sir William Cheshire, Bt., has had a liaison with his mother's maid, Freda Studdenham, daughter of the head gamekeeper. Sir William has just brought pressure to bear on an under-keeper to marry a girl he has got into trouble, when he learns that his eldest son has done a similar thing. The Baronet sees the two cases differently. What was, to him, the right thing for an under-keeper to do is impossible for the heir to a baronetcy, in view of the social ruin involved. His son, on the other hand, wants to act honourably and marry the girl. Finally, the matter is settled by her father, who refuses to have a charity marriage, and she, discovering that the young man no longer loves her, acquiesces.



CHASSÉ'D FROM THE EMPIRE TO THE APOLLO AND BACK AGAIN: "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT."

"After the Ball." At the present time the Follies and the Empire Theatre seem engaged in the figure which, when people did dance quadrilles, was called the *chassé-croisé*, I wonder why? This week, if you want the Empire ballet, you must go to the Apollo; if you pine for the Follies, then haste to Leicester Square. On Monday (the 23rd), however, they are both to *chassé* back again. At the Apollo, the entertainment starts prodigiously with "After the Opera," a title taken, I fancy, from a grim French picture, showing a fatal duel in the snow. However, Miss Nora Keith has not borrowed from the picture: the tragic little play tells effectively, if with no very great art, a tale of the murder by a burglar of a pretty lady for her jewels; and her elderly husband's fiendish idea of falsely denouncing the lady's lover as a murderer: rather tremendous this for a one-act piece! Miss Evelyn d'Alroy acts with intensity as the pretty lady; the lover is played very well by Mr. Owen Nares. The husband is represented by Mr. Robert Pateman, whom I was glad to see again, for he is one of the best of the veteran actors among us.

The Revue. "Everybody's Doing It" (which will be at the Empire again on Monday) is a sort of *olla podrida*, called a revue. What a chance there is for some English Aristophanes—"G.B.S." might serve—to use this form of entertainment, so popular in France, as a vehicle for witty castigation of the fads and follies of the day! There might be a few libel actions out of it, and they, too, would tend to gaiety, except for the litigants themselves. Messrs. George Grossmith and C. H. Bovill, the authors, are not ambitious: they confine their revue to a rather small number of topics—indeed, they rarely go outside the stage or the music-hall. Of course, there are a few political squibs, a little bit damp, and aimed, as usual, at the Liberals, the Conservative party being sacred on the London stage. One may not pretend that the dialogue is witty, but the affair is put together in a sufficiently businesslike way to enable the excellent company to be amusing. The first half passes in a scene representing the Serpentine, a piece of water that I never see without a longing to find myself in a punt with a rod and line, for it must be full of fish; I believe it has not been netted since 1869, when Frank Buckland gave a quite thrilling account of the operation in his interesting "Log-book of

a Fisherman and a Zoologist." If I were to render some great public service, I think I should demand leave to fish in the ornamental waters of the parks in the place of a Civil List pension. However, I ought to be talking about the revue. For *Comme* we have Miss Unity More, representing Bunty, whilst the *Compère*

is Mr. Will Cromwell, as one of the amateur police enrolled during the great strike—facts which may suggest that "Everybody's Doing It" belongs partly to the past tense; however that may be, I was glad to have Miss Unity More present, for she plays her part spiritedly, dances with grace and energy, and really is a very attractive young lady. I wonder if she would like to go and fish on the Serpentine: we might have Our Artist with us for the sake of propriety; he can cast a line almost as well as he can draw one. There are rollicking humours about poor Mr. Hammerstein and his opera-house; and concerning the Gaiety girls, the best line connected with them being that "you cannot get into the chorus unless connected with the aristocracy by birth, marriage, or divorce." Incidentally Mr. Vernon Watson gives a capital imitation of Mr. G. P. Huntley bargaining for a picture—it was imitation rather than caricature. Later on there is a real piece of caricature by Mr. Farren Soutar, who presents Sir Herbert Tree as a recruit to musical comedy.

The Second Act. The second half passes in a ball-room; the scenery, if somewhat more restful to the eye, would be agreeable. Here we have a rather funny quartet called "The Lightning-Conductors," in which Messrs. Farren Soutar, Robert Hale, Scott Russell, and Will Cromwell are quite amusing in caricatures of Mr. Thomas Beecham, Jimmy Glover, Signor Leoncavallo, and Mr. Hermann Finck. In the item called "Mixed Gliding," Mr. Robert Hale is comic as Drake, but I do not see the fun in the Gaby Deslys unrobing business: there seems no object in imitating that doubtful affair—a remark without prejudice to Miss Ida Crisp, who throughout dances, sings, and ability. The inevitable bedroom scene is funny: it is a mix-up of "The Turning Point" and "Instinct." Miss Ivy St. Helier gives a really clever piece of acting in the part of Mrs. Mandover, and Mr. Farren Soutar mimics Sir George Alexander successfully.

I failed to see the point of an item called "Assisting Her Sister," in which there is a displeasing business of Mr. Vernon Watson as a drunken old woman; however, it caused a good deal of laughter. One of the neatest elements in the whole of this big plum-pudding is "Dear Old Charlie," in which Mr. Robert Hale represents Mr. Charles Brookfield divertingly, and much fun is made over the unfortunate appointment of the Assistant Censor. Miss Ida Crisp appears as a scorching lady novelist, who, to "Dear Old Charlie's" horror, is appointed to help him in his work. The music throughout is by Mr. Cuthbert Clarke, and it has plenty of spirited and lively tunes. Altogether, "Everybody's Doing It" contains plenty of matter to entertain everybody who takes an interest in the theatres and the halls.—E. F. S. (MONOCLE).



**A SNOWFLAKE: MR. OWEN NARES
IN "AFTER THE OPERA."**

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



"THE BIOGRAPH HUNT." IN "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT": MR. ROBERT HALE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT."



RESULTS OF STRING-PULLING BY BUNTY, THE COMMÈRE: CHARACTERS IN THE REVUE.

That most entertaining of revues, "Everybody's Doing It," originally produced at the Empire, was transferred to the Apollo Theatre for a brief while, but it was arranged that it should be back again in the Empire programme on Dec. 23. The numbers on the page refer to the following characters and personalities parodied: 1. Miss Unity More as Bunty, the Commère of the Revue. 2. Everywoman, Passion, Beauty, Youth, and Modesty in "Everywoman." 3. Ben Hur and the Glad-Eye Horse. 4. "Carmen" in rag-time. 5. Gaiety stars: Mr. Edmund Payne, Miss Phyllis Dare cum Lady Tree, and Sir Herbert Tree cum Mr. George Grossmith. 6. A show lady. 7. People from the posters. 8. Miss Pauline Chase and Peter Pan. 9. Musical talent discovered by Mr. Oscar Hammerstein. 10. Mr. Hammerstein. 11. The Four Conductors. 12. Kiki of "the Glad Eye." 13. Mr. Harry Pilcer and Mlle. Gaby Deslys. 14. Miss Ethel Irving and Sir George Alexander in "The Turning Point." 15. Miss Unity More. 16. Mr. Robert Hale singing "The Biograph Hunt."

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



PUBLISHING A VOLUME OF POEMS :
MRS. C. F. G. MASTERMAN.
Mrs. Masterman, wife of the Right Hon. C. F. G. Masterman, P.C., Financial Secretary to the Treasury and M.P. for South-West Bethnal Green, is a daughter of General Sir Neville Lyttelton. Her marriage took place in 1908.

Photograph by Beresford.

Club came into being because of King Edward's sympathy, when he was Prince of Wales, with the attempt in 1866 to introduce smoking in the drawing-room of White's is the common story. Even so thorough an authority as Mr. Nevill supports that tradition, and half the present members themselves have probably heard no other. But if the Prince of Wales is curious in regard to the history of his club, he will be able to learn another version of its origin from the elders among the many friends of his grandfather who will welcome him to the smoking-room. The Prince of Wales's club has a smaller membership than many, and, apart from numbers, is quieter than almost any other. The Travellers', the Carlton, the Turf, and the Athenæum have the hushed atmosphere that is delightful or depressing, according to your mood. But all of these have their periods of bustle, and the coming and going of members frequently breaks the charm, or otherwise, of perfect peace. The Marlborough is the least disturbed, and the coming of the Prince will, if anything, increase the spirit of reserve that haunts its armchairs.

*Wales and
Waistcoats.*

It was often noticed that King Edward's presence at the Marlborough and elsewhere had its effect on the bearing, and the waistcoats, of his fellow-members. At Boodle's, evening-dress for dinner was a hard-and-fast tradition, but at the Marlborough the rule, if it can be called one, was not always rigorously observed. The Prince's presence, however, made the difference; and once when a young man who had settled down to his meal in a shooting-jacket saw the Prince come in and fix his eye on the unconventional garment, the reproof had its immediate



ENGAGED TO MISS JOAN ASHURST - MORRIS: SIR ALEXANDER NAPIER, Bt.

Sir Alexander is the eleventh Baronet of a creation dating from 1627, was born in 1882, and succeeded in 1907. For a while he was A.D.C. to the Governor of Australia (Earl of Dudley).
Photograph by Swaine.

consequences. The young man left the room, changed, and finished his soup in orthodox garb.

*The Prince's Fellow
Members.*

Although not a large club, the Marlborough draws its members from many quarters besides the Dukeries. Mr. Waldorf Astor jun. and Mr. Astor himself belong to it, and gain, it is true, a certain distinction within its walls by being plain "Misters." The professions are represented on its books by Sir Squire Bancroft and Sir Frederick Treves; and Sir Thomas Lipton is a member. A club for commoners and the Commons, however, it has never been, and will never become. Mr. Balfour is seldom seen there; and although Lord Crewe is a member, Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, on the Government side, and Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law, for the Opposition, do not darken its doors with the presence of party politics.

TO MARRY THE REV. J. N. BATEMAN-CHAMPAIN ON DEC. 28: MISS JEANIE MONSELL MAUD. Miss Maud is a daughter of the Right Rev. John Primatt Maud, Bishop Suffragan of Kensington. Mr. Bate-man-Champain is the Vicar of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol. From 1909 to 1911 he was Vicar of Germiston, Transvaal.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

*The Yellow
Stockings.*

from the Balkans have been shown the naval portraits and the tapestries in St. James's Palace, and they have dipped their pens in Charles II's inkstands. But they have not confined themselves to that class of sightseeing; in Bond Street were greater curiosities. The two gentlemen from Montenegro, as they paused for a minute before a window dressed with nothing but silk stockings, of a new and particularly enchanting yellow, were

obviously amused. Cettinje, with a royal palace smaller than many a London shop, had never offered such a spectacle. But the strangers did not enter. Perhaps they were not quite certain of the propriety of doing so. At any rate, they contented themselves with a purchase of gloves, from a disrester window, to carry to their ladies.

*The New Colour
Sargent.*

The "audience" given at Buckingham Palace to Mr. Laszlo's portraits of Lord and Lady Minto, and the sittings arranged for Lord Curzon, suggest that Anglo-Indians at any rate have found a substitute for Mr. Sargent. Oxford also is making shift with the Hungarian, who is responsible for the picture of Viscount Valentia recently established in that town. Lord Curzon will be taken in hand when Mr. de Laszlo returns to town from Switzerland. The report that the painter had been "mobilised" as a Hungarian citizen is not true. He will be joining the colours as usual, but not under canvas.



ENGAGED TO MISS JOHANNA REDMOND: MR. MAXWELL S. GREEN.

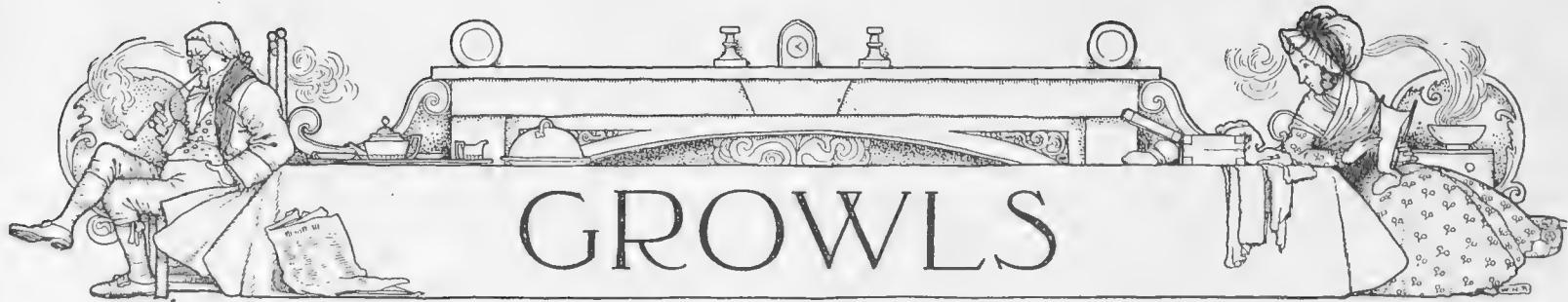
Mr. Maxwell S. Green, whose engagement to Miss Johanna Redmond, youngest daughter of the Nationalist leader, was announced the other day, is Chairman of the Irish Prisons Board.
Photograph by Lafayette.

COAT AND SHOES BY THE WEST: OTHER RAIMENT BY THE EAST.



IN REGAL ATTIRE: CHOWFA MAHA VAJIRAVUDH, KING OF SIAM AND OXFORD MAN.

Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh, born on Jan. 1, 1880, eldest son of the late King Chulalongkorn I., succeeded to the throne on the death of his father in October 1910, and was crowned in December of the following year. He has had a thorough Western education. The royal family of Siam formerly had as tutor Sir (then Mr.) Robert Morant, now Chairman of the Insurance Commission, and Permanent Secretary of the Board of Education from 1903 to 1911. The Crown Prince then studied in this country under Mr. Basil Thomson; and, later, went to Sandhurst and to Christ Church, Oxford. He was also at Potsdam as a cadet; and was attached for a time to the Durham Light Infantry at Aldershot. He is well read in English, French, German, and Siamese literature; has written a volume in French on Siamese folk-lore; and is known also as playwright and actor.



GROWLS

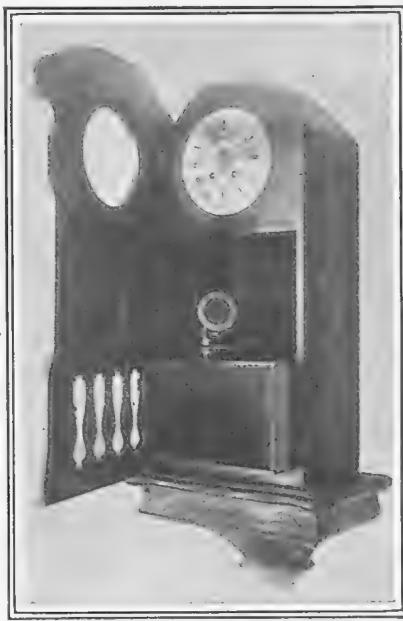
MUSIC, MUSIC EVERYWHERE, AND NOT A THING TO EAT.

IT is more than likely that I shall be accounted a churlish and Scrooge-like person if I emit a growl during a week traditionally devoted to merriment and good-feeling, but I must take the risk, and, as a matter of fact, at this season of the year the infliction against which I propose to protest is present amongst us in a peculiarly aggravated form. Now, I wish it to be at once understood that I do not object to music *in toto*. I could find many arguments in its favour, and I hold that a moderate amount of it is good for people, though I have my doubts concerning its power to soothe the savage breast. My own breast would be in a far less savage condition than it is to-day were I subjected to less of it; and now that my midnight slumbers are broken into by the cacophonies of the carollers and the brazen incompetence of the "waits," I feel that I can no longer restrain myself, and that the time has come to speak out. Amongst the changes and chances of this mortal life there is nothing more deplorable than the perpetual din that surrounds us. Throughout the day and night the air of London is rent by ceaseless hootings, and even what was once the quiet countryside is made hideous by the shrieks and explosions of that worst of all modern inventions, the motor-cycle. Every new development of modern life tends to the creation of some new noise. Every moment the ear is tickled by the tinkle of the telephone; from every street comes the wail of the barrel-organ; from every house emanates the raucous cry of the gramophone, and even from the midnight sky proceed the thrum and thud of mysterious air-machines. The shriek of the railway train is now and then added to the unholy hubbub, and peace is banished from

Meal-Times. Amid all this orgie of noise the distracted

looks around for some haven of rest, some place or home permitting of quiet and reflection. Small blame to him if he thinks that his meal-times should be in some measure sacred. But here, alas! he is doomed to the direst disappointment. Deafened by the dreadful din, his tympanum aching from the detonation, he seeks the friendly hospitality of a restaurant. Here, he tells himself, he may munch and muse without disturbance. But the good man has made a grievous miscalculation, for here he will find confusion worse confounded. A group of wild-eyed foreign desperadoes is there, each one armed to the teeth with some form of instrument of torture. The leader is a particularly fierce ruffian. His frenzy is so great that it will not allow him to sit down with his accomplices. He must stand up and, hurling himself to and fro, tear from his fiddle alternate screams of passionate

triumph and suicidal despair. Ever and anon he will signal to his fellow-conspirators, and the whole lot will grimly set their teeth and burst into some blatant rag-time dance which causes the roof to re-echo, the plates to rattle, and the jelly to collapse. It would be idle to attempt to eat while one's teeth are chattering with dismay, and the very notion of conversation is nipped in the untimely bud. Occasionally there will be a lull while the exhausted instrumentalists recuperate, but it will be of only short duration. Suddenly will be exhibited a card bearing the unspeakably cynical words, "By Desire," and in an instant will be scraped forth the soul-destroying strains of the latest waltz from Vienna. In his efforts to do justice to this undesirable alien, the leader's hair will stand on end, his eyes protrude from his head, and his face grow purple with inspiration. The knife and the fork are dropped despondently upon the plate, all hope is abandoned, and even the salt has lost its savour.



A TIMEPIECE WHICH, LITERALLY, CALLS YOU IN THE MORNING: A CLOCK WITH PHONOGRAPH ALARM.

At the desired hour, the phonograph in the clock calls the time in a loud, clear voice, and so awakens its owner. It is the latest Parisian novelty.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

repeated and protracted assaults. I tremble to think what must be the inevitable consequences. Either our population must in a short space of time degenerate into a race of gibbering idiots, or society will witness some staggering upheaval.

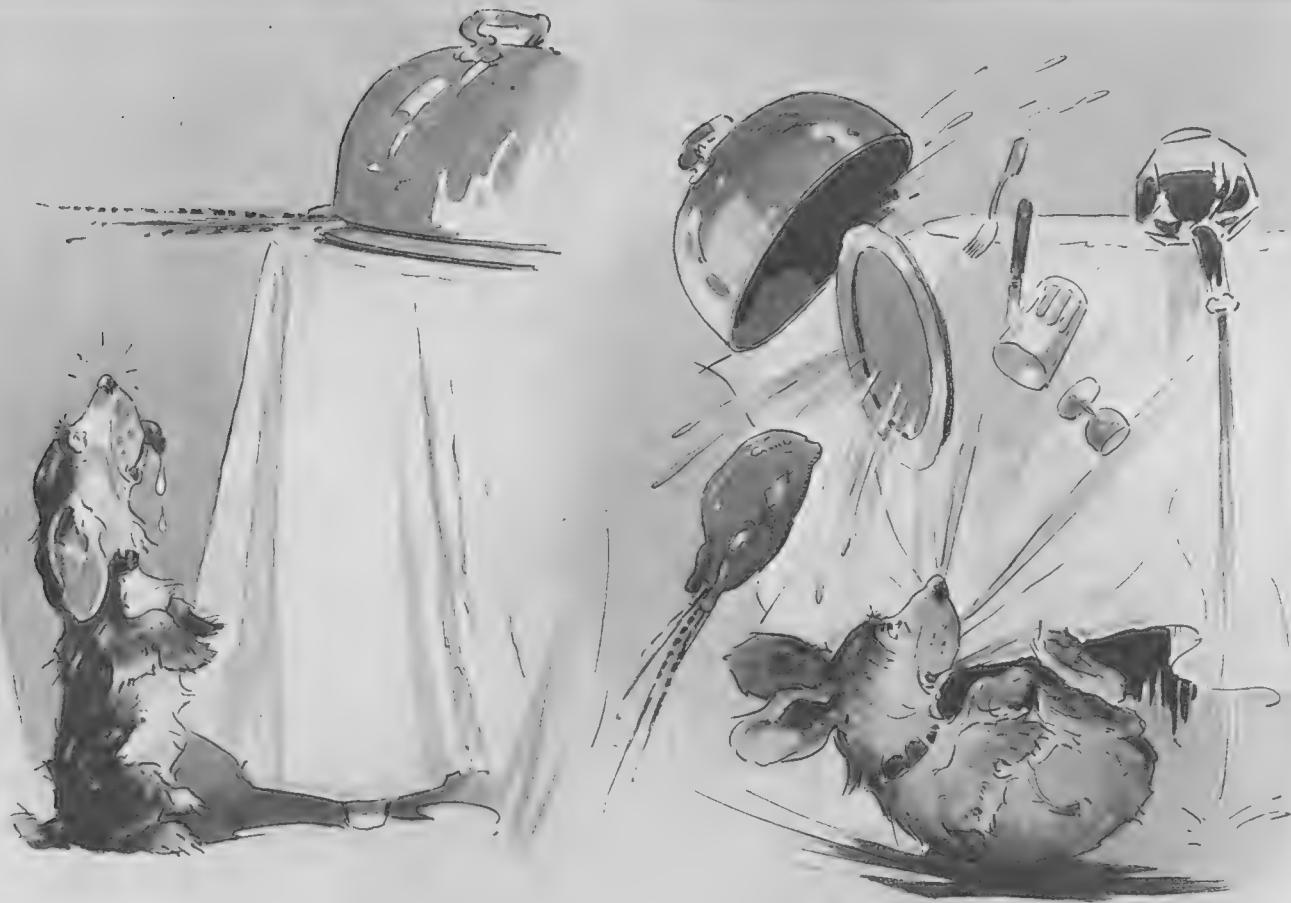
Let our restaurateurs beware, for of a surety the day will come when something desperate will occur. Some day on a sudden our long-suffering will come to an end, when we shall rise *en masse* from our tables and, arming ourselves with magnums, fall upon our tormentors. Then will the Viennese violinist be strung up on his own strings, the Teuton tootler be made to bite the dust, and the Pomeranian piano-pounder be reduced to fragments. I am myself no advocate of assassination. I am overflowing with goodwill towards men, but I also demand some peace on earth, and if the only alternative to pandemonium be massacre, massacre then let it be. Let the hooter make hateful our streets,

and the telephone render uninhabitable our homes, if Science decrees that it must be so, but let us have some opportunity of eating a noiseless meal, and of feeding serene and unrenaded.—MOSSTYN T. PIGOTT.



A DINING-ROOM FOR DOGS ONLY—AT 3D. A HEAD: IN A CHELSEA RESTAURANT.

The proprietress of a Chelsea Restaurant, finding too many of her customer's dogs accompanying their mistresses into the dining-room, has set apart a room in which the pets may eat their luncheons or dinners while their owners are doing the same elsewhere. Each dog selects its own dish and eats its fill; the cost is threepence a head.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

Pons Catulorum.

THE END OF THE GAME

GRAND SLAM



AT THE END OF THE RUBBER

CLEANED OUT
AGAIN!

G. E. Studdy

FIVE O'CLOCK

FRIVOLITIES

THE SCHOOL FOR MARRIAGE: THE SIMPLE-LIFERS' APPROACHING EXHIBITION.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

HAVE you never been struck at the foolish coupling of those two qualificatives—"young" and "credulous"? One is credulous in infancy and middle age, but not in youth. It takes many years to learn that the word "impossible" means merely difficult, extraordinary, improbable, or premature, but seldom

that a thing is *not* possible. Youth rebels against the incredible; age knows better and accepts it. My father in his youth did not believe that man could ever fly in the air; the other day he discussed with me a covered way across the Sahara! Only a month ago I believed it impossible for a human being without an ear for music to sing true; since then a singing-teacher has convinced me that though it is an arduous and heart-breaking process, yet one can teach a tone-deaf singer not to sing out of tune. I

brides the usefulness of learning when, where, and how to faint. It saves explanations, and makes the most hardened husband thoroughly ashamed of himself. Some wives can manage to crush an inopportune husband with two little words barked from behind a lace handkerchief, "You brute!"—but this appellation has been so often used as an endearing term (I love your English language: so full of surprises, so piquantly illogical), that it may have lost somewhat of its effectiveness. Still, much depends on the tone. I always thought "darling" had a sound as of silver bells, until a wife said before me, "I never heard you come in last night, darling."

Here are half-a-dozen rules meant to render the yoke lighter. Half-a-dozen rules for half the world and his wife are rather few. For Wives: 1. Teach your husband to abstain from meat and intoxicating drinks; 2. Receive him after absence with tact; 3. Cultivate a sense of humour. For Husbands: 1. Make a habit of entering your home with a smile; 2. Little presents, words of love, and compliments make a woman's life worth living; 3. Remember that a woman works as hard as you do—in many cases, harder. Rules are rules; but these must not be obeyed, or disaster is sure to follow. A husband who abstains from meat when canine teeth have been provided for him by Nature, and who turns up his nose at a glass of champagne, is not worthy of the good things of life, and is sure to make a most unsatisfying husband. Rule No. 2 is unblushingly cynical. It is certainly trying sometimes to see a marital absence terminate suddenly just when one had made pleasant plans for one's grass widowhood; still, those mishaps are all in life's work, and it is not seemly to talk of "tact" when only polite endurance is needed. Where tact is often more wanted is to provoke absence. But the woman who says, "You look seedy, poor dear; why don't you go and spend a week or so at Margate?"—that woman does not call it tact, but wifely care. Rule 3 is simply the end of conjugal peace. "A sense



WAITING FOR THE RABBIT TO BOLT:
LORD ARTHUR GROSVENOR.

accept the statement; I also accept a more miraculous one (hum! I wonder whether so much credulity does not mean age rampant). I accept, then, that it is possible for kind optimists to teach married people, not how to be happy, but to make one another happy. Is that what you call an Irish bull? The coming year of grace 1913 is to see, here, in this extraordinary London of yours, an Exhibition of the Simple Life. One of that Exhibition's purposes will be to show husbands how to treat their wives, and *vice versa*. I am afraid the unmarried among us cannot appreciate the original impertinence of the scheme. To begin with, who is going to teach us the difficult art of conjugalit? It must be highly, variously, and extensively qualified teachers. Some much married and patient Mussulmān seems required to dispense some profitable advice to Christian "hobbies"; but who is going to coach wives? Some oft-bereaved widow or some thoroughly trained lady with a past? To teach any subject one must possess it under all its aspects, and if one consider that in the School for Marriage there are as many subjects as there are individuals, one is appalled at the extensiveness of the experience required of the professors. "One feature of the show will," according to the announcement, "be a model room with a wife" (it would have been more appropriate to apply "model" to wife rather than to room) "awaiting her husband's return, and male visitors will be invited to show how they would greet a wife on returning from business." Now, it is easy enough for male visitors to show off their amiability and prove their goodwill; much more difficult and to the point would be to teach husbands how to behave when their own tactless and untimely return coincides with the above demonstration. Wives, of course, can always faint. One cannot too strongly impress upon prospective



THE SOCIETY CARAVANNER GOES FERRETING: LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR
NOTING HOW THE FERRET CLINGS TO THE RABBIT IT HAS KILLED
IN A BURROW.

Lord Arthur Grosvenor, uncle of the Duke of Westminster, was born in May 1860. He served in South Africa with the 2nd Battalion Imperial Yeomanry. In 1893, he married Helen, daughter of Sir Robert Sheffield, the fifth Baronet. Lady Arthur Grosvenor is a great caravanner in the summer months.—[Photographs by Topical.]

of humour," indeed! All very well for spinsters and bachelors, but married people have got to laugh at each other's jokes, to be blind to absurdities, deaf to inanities, and to turn their tongues fourteen times before opening their mouth. Thus act wise married couples. As for the rules for the use of husbands and the benefit of their wives, they are very much like those of the German grammar—half-a-dozen exceptions to each rule!

Muddle through if through you must. Innumerable *lapsus linguae* can't make a Teutonic discourse more inharmonious than it is, and sometimes you are not happy though married until you have broken all the rules—and mended them together.

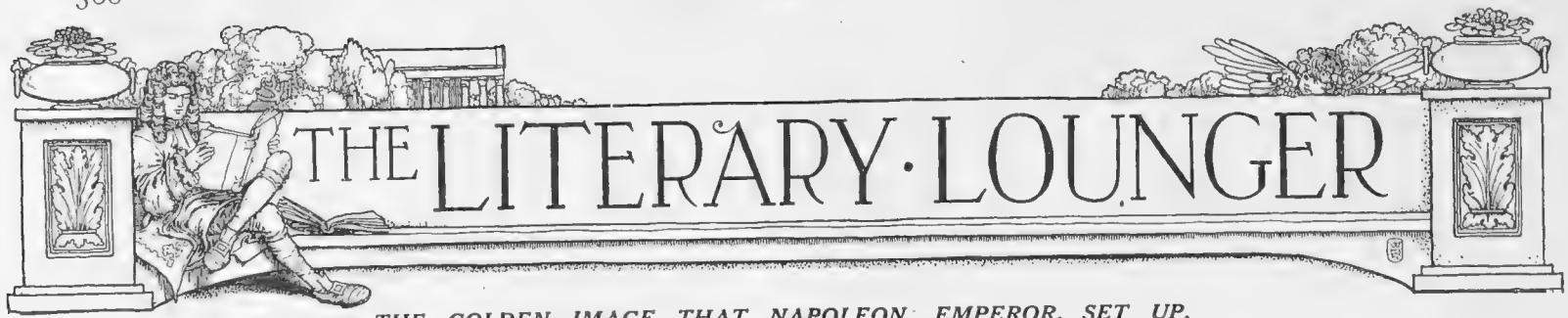


DURING THE RABBIT FERRETING:
LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR.

Absence of Mind.

III.—THE KETTLE - ON - THE - NOSE CASE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



THE GOLDEN IMAGE THAT NAPOLEON, EMPEROR, SET UP.

NAPOLEON'S way with his army is an immortal theme. What was the secret which enabled him to use men after the manner of a god? It has never been more clearly stated for the casual thinker than in this enthralling history of the Golden Eagles which carried the Napoleonic thunderbolts across Europe.

This Amazing Poet. To speak of Napoleon as a man of imagination has become a truism: here he may be seen appealing to the imagination of every unit in each of his battalions. He meant them to fight—let us say it, for his personal ambition—to the verge and over it of human endurance. So he gave them something to fight for, something incredibly sacred and dear, ever visible and as familiar as the sky; like it, too, remote and significant. It should be glorious like a star, and as tangible as a franc-piece. Arguing thus—or likelier, not arguing at all, only obeying a magnificent instinct—he gave into the keeping of each battalion a little gilded image a few inches high. The image represented an eagle with half-spread wings, in the talons a thunderbolt. Simultaneously with his coronation he delivered these emblems personally into the hands of his army. "These Eagles to you shall ever be your rallying-point. Swear to sacrifice your lives in their defence; to maintain them by your courage ever in the path of Victory. . . . The soldier who loses his Eagle loses his Honour and his All." A deep chorus of declamation responded with "Nous le jurons." And in such-wise this amazing poet inaugurated a cult common to all ranks of the Grand Army, who received it like a religion and died for it, not as martyrs, but as heroes.

On the Field of Austerlitz. How the oath of the Fête des Aigles was redeemed is Mr. Fraser's absorbing theme. He tells how "the Eagles made their début on the battlefield in a blaze of glory. Within a twelvemonth of the Field of Mars (the occasion of their presentation), they had swooped irresistibly across half the Continent, leading forward victoriously through the cannon-smoke in combat after combat to achieve the crowning triumphs of Ulm and Austerlitz. "Soldiers, I am satisfied with you," said the Emperor, "you have decorated your Eagles with immortal glory." During this campaign a corps, which contained many young soldiers fighting for the first time, charged a Russian column unhesitatingly, but could not break through, and began to recoil before superior numbers. The Eagle-bearer was shot down, and the Eagle was in danger. But the commanding officer sprang from his horse, seized the Eagle and held it high, and shouted: "Soldiers I stay here! Let me see if you will abandon your Eagle and your commander." The disorder was checked, the battalion rallied at once, and re-formed ranks till

help arrived. Again, when an order to advance was given in face of shell-swept ground, which looked like certain death, an old sergeant snatched the Eagle from a dead Porte-Aigle, brandished it, standing alone amidst bursting shells, with the words: "À moi, soldats du 111me!" and ran straight at the Russians. "The effect," said a witness, "was electric. The men charged, broke the enemy, and seized the village."

If an Eagle was Lost. When Napoleon met an Eagle he always uncovered and bowed low. Should a regiment by the chance of war lose its Eagle he refused to replace it until the men should have captured two standards from the enemy. Once when he saw a regiment retreating whose colonel had been killed, Napoleon galloped to intercept them. "Where is your colonel?" "Dead," someone answered. "I know that," replied Napoleon; "I asked where he was." "We left him in the village." "Go back instantly," they were told, "and remember that a good regiment should always be able to produce both its colonel and its Eagle." They charged forward again with a rush, did their duty to the end, and the colonel's body was laid before Napoleon next morning. An eagle was lost at Borodino. The regiment—Cuirassiers—were overwhelmed with shame. They reached Moscow "plunged in a profound dour. But during the retreat, as they passed again by the battlefield, a thought struck the officers. At night two of them, taking the risk of capture, found their way by moonlight to the Eagle-bearer's body." They recovered the Eagle from the carcass of his horse. Dying, he had thrust if for safety through the poor creature's gaping wound. And remembering how devoted men, during that terrible retreat, sacrificed themselves in many a dark and hopeless hour for the honour of their Eagles, France has proudly added to colours of certain regiments names which spelled, for her, defeat and disaster.



IN COSTUME: A RECITAL OF OSCAR WILDE'S "BALLAD OF READING GAOL," BY MR. ARNOLD DALY.

"Mr. Daly," it is written in the "Theatre Magazine," "gives his interpretation . . . at a series of matinées. . . . Throughout the twenty minutes he scarcely moved, but by the force of his reading held his audiences for the entire time. The stage represented the dimly lit cell. From one side a beam of light shot down, which showed him in arrowed convict clothes, seated on the rough table."

Photograph by White; Reproduced by Courtesy of the "Theatre Magazine," of New York.

Eagles Taken at Waterloo. "Ah, dear Eagle," cried Napoleon at

the moment of abdication

before Elba, "these kisses that I give thee will resound through posterity." The sight of an Eagle borne behind him as he returned from exile recalled to his allegiance the regiment that had been sent to arrest his progress. And at Waterloo, where, as Lamartine declared, "one heart beat between the Emperor and his Army," the Eagles were drooped to him in the last salute. Only two were captured by the English in their crushing victory; they can be seen at Chelsea. The generations have laid against Napoleon a terrible indictment of egotism and cruelty; but a story like this gives rise to speculation as to what leader of men, of democracy—for Napoleon was that—has ever given his followers such pride of living, such joy in dying. He called to nobility in the meanest, and it answered him nobly.

KILL THAT — !



THE TRAVELLER: Can I get a steak and catch the one o'clock train?
THE WAITER: All depends on your teeth, Sir.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE UNSEEN HAND.

By J. MORTON LEWIS.

BROADBENT and I were college chums. Our friendship dated from the days of Eton suits. We went together to Sandhurst, and served with the same regiment in India.

Broadbent was a wild fellow—no prank was too mad for him to propose. It was whilst we were on the northern hills that he raided a sacred temple with three other men as wild and reckless as himself. I never knew what happened. The affair was hushed up at the time, but three months later Broadbent sent in his papers. In those three months he became a changed man, his laugh rang no longer at mess. Once I spoke to him on the subject; it was a few days before he left us, and we had moved down to Madras.

He smiled. "This cursed country is getting on my nerves. I shall be better when I am out of it, back in England."

I did not see him again for over two years. Then it had become my turn to resign. A severe attack of fever left me so weak that the Army surgeon attached to our corps ordered my immediate return home.

It was on June 22 that I reached England. As the steamer drew alongside the quay at Southampton, to be boarded by that host of friends and relatives who welcome the arrival of every ship, a figure sprang on board and hurried towards me, hand outstretched. It was Broadbent.

"I saw the news from the *Gazette*," he said. "Fever?"

"Yes," I said.

"Poor old chap, I guessed as much. Where are you going?"

I shrugged my shoulders. During the seven years I had spent in India, all those nearest and dearest had died. I was a stranger in my native land.

"I am going to take you down to my place—a little bachelor house I have built at Haslemere. We shall be alone for a few days. Next Thursday Pegram and Mansom are coming down. You remember them?"

Pegram and Mansom were two of the three men who had made that wild raid with him.

"Of course, and Stanford?" Stanford was the fourth of the party.

A strange look passed over Broadbent's face, and I felt his arm convulsively tremble for a second. "Stanford, poor chap, he's dead—didn't you know?"

"No," I replied.

"Yes, he died nearly a year ago, very suddenly. I was at his place at the time. One moment he was quite well; the next, dead."

I saw my old friend's aversion to the subject, so changed it. It did not take half-an-hour to tell me that Broadbent had not regained his one-time vivacity. For a few minutes in the train travelling up to London he was almost himself, whilst he was arranging our programme for the evening.

"I'd thought we'd go to the theatre, just to celebrate the prodigal's return."

The play he had chosen was "The Speckled Band." It struck me at the time as a strange selection for one of his temperament. Afterwards I understood the reason. Throughout the piece he watched each scene with absorbed attention. Once he turned to me, and there was a strange light in his eyes. It was at the point where the snake climbed down the bell-pull. "That is essentially an Indian revenge," he said.

It was early morning when we reached Haslemere; the first grey streaks of dawn were breaking over Broadbent's home when I saw it for the first time.

He drew me into his study, lined with book-shelves. A cheerful fire was burning to warm us after our journey.

"So long as you like, this is your home," he said; "and one day it will be yours altogether."

I looked at him. He shrugged his shoulders. "One never knows—and I have no one else to leave it to."

The next evening, we were seated in the same room, smoking after dinner. There had been a short silence. Suddenly Broadbent

turned to me. "Do you remember a remark you made to me two years ago? You remarked on the change that had suddenly come over me."

"Yes," I replied.

"That night I spent in the temple changed me. It changed the four of us. The whole thing was a mad idea which originated in my brain. There is a temple near Chitral, sacred to Buddha. It is supposed to bring death to any unbeliever who enters it. Out of sheer devilment we broke in. The place was in darkness until we desecrated it with the light from our lanterns. Then we saw before us, at the altar a huge image of the god, I suppose, nearly forty feet high. It contained a room, which we did not know at the time, and in that room, night and day, there remained a priest, offering up prayers." Broadbent drew heavily at his cigar, "Well, through the mouth of the god he cursed us, telling us we should die by the unseen hand at some date when we should least expect it—that our punishment should be the fear of death, which should hang over our minds night and day until the hour came. It was on June 27 that we broke into the temple. On June 27 last year I was having dinner with Stanford. He was the one who was the least affected by that evening. Suddenly, in the midst of the meal, he clutched at his throat—the next second he was dead."

Broadbent had risen to his feet. He stood before me, staring wildly into my face. "And as he died, I heard a soft footstep pass across the room towards the window. I fancied I saw a shape; it may have been fancy, but I heard the window-panes rattle."

"Wind," I said.

"There was no wind. It was calmer than to-night. At the inquest they could find no cause for his death—Stanford was sound in every limb and organ. He had just died by the unseen hand."

Broadbent resumed his seat. "This year, we shall spend the day together, the three of us who are left."

On the morning of the 26th Pegram and Mansom arrived. They looked like men suffering beneath the sentence of death. They were men well on the young side of forty, but the hair of both was tinged with grey. It was not a happy party. I tried to cheer them all up, but melancholy is contagious, and I found myself, before the day was out, looking forward to the next with as much apprehension as they.

June 27 dawned, a beautiful summer day, the sunshine across the Surrey hills lighting up the glorious woodland around Haslemere. In the morning we went for a walk together, the four of us, and it was late in the afternoon before we returned.

Throughout the early evening we lounged about, smoking. They were brave men, but the wizardry of India can get a terrible grip upon a man's soul.

Four men sat down to dinner and four men rose from it. I saw a look of relief pass over Broadbent's face.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have ordered the whisky to be taken into the study. It is more comfortable there."

To pass the time I proposed a rubber, but it met with no response. And so we waited. To me, who had nothing to fear, it was an agony. Each moment dragged by like an eternity. The striking of the clock upon the mantelpiece sent a cold shiver down my spine.

It must have been nearly eleven. A silence had fallen upon us all. Suddenly Mansom leapt to his feet. A look of fear shone in his eyes. With shaking hand he pointed to a picture on the wall.

"Look!" he cried, "it is coming nearer to me. Keep it off, Oh, my God! It's got me by the throat. Let go, you fiend, let go!"

Broadbent had taken a revolver from his pocket and was firing rapidly in the direction Mansom pointed. One bullet struck the picture, irrevocably damaging a canvas worth hundreds; two smashed their way through the windows; the fourth went heaven alone knows where.

When the smoke cleared, Mansom lay stretched upon the ground. I knelt by his side and felt his heart. He was dead.

[Continued overleaf.]

RING OFF!



WHAT A MAN FEELS LIKE WHEN HE HAS INADVERTENTLY INTERRUPTED A CONVERSATION
ON THE TELEPHONE.

DRAWN BY SYD BRIAULT.

In a dead silence Broadbent and Pegram were looking at one another.

"I wonder," said Pegram in a calm, low voice, "which of us two will be the next."

CHAPTER II.

A year had passed; most of the time Broadbent and I spent travelling together. It did him good, taking him out of himself, but gradually, as the fateful day approached, he grew more intent, and the old hunted look returned to his eyes.

We were in London, at my flat, upon the 26th. Over breakfast Broadbent expressed his intention of returning to Haslemere that day.

"Pegram is coming. We may as well meet it there as anywhere."

"You would like me to come down with you?" I said.

Broadbent shook his head. "If you do not mind, we would rather be alone—he and I."

All through the next day I waited, expecting each moment to receive a telegram from one or the other calling me to Haslemere, but none came.

On the morning of the 28th, I glanced through my letters directly I came down, but there was no communication from Broadbent.

Before I sat down, Broadbent appeared.

"You have just come up from Haslemere?" I said.

He nodded. "Yes, have you seen the papers?"

"No," I replied.

"There was an accident on the South Western yesterday. The 11.15 to Haslemere—one killed and four injured." He paused. "Pegram was the one man killed."

"What!" I exclaimed. "But you said he was coming down on the Wednesday."

"Yes; when I reached home I found a letter from him, saying he had changed his mind—that he would be safer if he travelled yesterday." Broadbent flung himself in a chair. "I am the only one left," he said wearily; "another year, and I shall be dead." He looked at me. "I wonder if the year is worth living, with that hanging over my head—if it would not be better to end it now."

I laid a hand on his shoulder. "Don't talk like that," I said: "We'll go away somewhere together for the next few months, and when the time comes, we'll spend it together. Imagination, fear, has caused the death of two men; the third is a mere coincidence."

"It was not fear that killed either Stanford or Mansom; they were both brave men. It was the unseen hand which will also find me out, as it found them."

I will not say much concerning the next year; for the first ten months we travelled about Europe.

Towards the end of April, Broadbent grew restless again. "I must go home," he said; "there is some business I want to attend to." He left the sentence unfinished, but I knew only too well what he meant.

A week later I followed him to Haslemere. The last fortnight was too painful for me to write about. I tried every persuasion that a man could to fight down the resignation which was filling him. I called upon his medical adviser, and together we battled against it. We even went so far as to get a hypnotist brought into the house in the guise of a valet.

The doctor was a clever man, and enthusiastic; moreover, he had been to India, and knew what he had to contend against.

"Honestly," I said to him once, "how do you think the other three men died?"

"From nerves," he said, "with the exception of Mr. Pegram,

and he was in an accident which might have happened to anyone. That it occurred on the specific day was mere coincidence."

When I came down to breakfast on the 27th I found Broadbent had preceded me. I glanced anxiously at him as I entered the room. He looked up with a smile. "There is a pile of letters for you; I never met a man who had so many correspondents."

Throughout the meal Broadbent kept up a conversation, but it was a very forced, excited one, and it was only too apparent he was labouring beneath a terrible strain. The slightest noise made him start and look apprehensively around.

"What are you going to do to-day?" he asked. It was the question which had been on my lips a dozen times.

I shrugged my shoulders. "What are you going to do?"

"I shall stay indoors. If anything is to happen, I would rather it was in this house."

"Then I shall stay with you."

I will not attempt to describe how the hours dragged slowly by, though the memory is graven deep on my mind. Broadbent, poor fellow, did his best to control his feelings, but it was pitiful to see him.

We roamed the grounds together, sat in the different rooms smoking and talking. Only once did he refer to the subject that was uppermost in his mind. We were in the study, and he pointed to the heavy oak desk at which he did all correspondence.

"If anything happens you will find my will in there. I have left you everything."

"My dear fellow—" I began, when he waived the remark aside.

"It is as well to be prepared."

At dinner we were both reserved. I only too well remembered how two out of the four had died. When the meal was over he raised his glass, and drank a silent toast to me. Then he left his chair. "We will go into the study, eh?" he said.

The day was cold, although it was June, and a fire had been lighted by his orders. He flung himself down in an easy chair before it, and leaning forward, gazed into the flames. Their light was reflected on his face, and showed it haggard and grey.

Half-an-hour must have elapsed before he broke silence. Then he looked up with a smile. "I was thinking of the butterflies we used to catch. Do you remember? I've got the collection upstairs."

"You've kept them all these years?"

"Yes," he replied. His mind occupied with some recollection of the past, he was more like the Broadbent I had known in India than he had been for years. "I'll go and get them. It will give us something to do looking through them. They're just as you left them when you went to Germany."

With a slight laugh, he quitted the room. I heard him run upstairs and walk about in the room overhead.

After a short pause, he shut the door behind him with a bang, and I heard him coming down the stairs again.

Another pause, then a wild shriek, which made my blood run cold—the sound of a falling body and silence.

I rushed into the passage; already the servants had gathered around the foot of the stairs in a frightened group. There, on the ground, lay Broadbent, the cases of butterflies scattered and broken around him.

I bent over his body; he was dead. A second glance showed me his neck was broken. As I knelt beside him, I felt an invisible something brush past me. It may only have been a gust of wind from some open window, or it may have been what he dreaded so much—the unseen hand. I shall never know.

THE END.



LOVE AND MUSIC: THE CUPIDS AND THE PLAYERS.

DRAWN BY F. M. ANDERSON.

PRESTO !



THE VILLAGE CHORAL SOCIETY PRACTISE CAROLS: A HAIR-RAISING INCIDENT.

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.

WHERE ARE THE PETS OF YESTER-YEAR? THE FASHIONABLE DOLL.



1. MOST FASHIONABLY DRESSED DOLLS: "POUPÉES D'ART DE PARIS."

2. WITH A PET: A GLAD-EYE DOLL.

3. WITH ANOTHER PET: A GLAD-EYE DOLL.

With regard to the dolls shown at the top of the page, it should be noted that they show the following, reading from left to right: In the top row are two flower-girls and *Manon Lescaut*, *Marie Antoinette*, the *Empress Josephine*, and the *Empress Eugénie*. Below, in the middle, are *Mme. Récamier*, on the couch; and, standing, *Mme. Tallien* and *Mme. Rolland*; below these are a *Merveilleuse*, *Mme. Tallien*, and *Mme. Rolland*. On the extreme left are dolls in twentieth-century fashions.

The lower photographs by Record Press.



ON THE LINKS

THE GOLFER'S CHRISTMAS: COURSES, CALENDARS, CARDS, AND "CADEAUX."

Christmas Courses. Golf has never been so much in evidence at any other Christmas-time as in this present merry season—if it is a merry one—upon which we are now entering. I am not thinking of the mere playing of the game; whether there will be more of that than usual or less of it depends to some extent on the weather. We don't seem to get the old-fashioned Christmases in these days as once when everything on wheels got nicely snowed up at anything from five to a hundred miles of where it ought to be. But less snow means more golf, or may do; and if any of you have been loitering about the big London stations such as Liverpool Street, Euston, Charing Cross, Victoria, Waterloo, and the others, during the last few days, you would have seen some thousands of golf-bags being carried about, and taken into the compartments of carriages, with much care and display of fondness, and you would have safely surmised that, in the absence of frost and snow, there will be more rubber-cored balls driven from teeing-grounds this week than there were in the corresponding week of last or any previous year. A new and very distinct taste in regard to Christmas golf seems to be arising. I remember the time when it was the most difficult thing in the world to know where to go to play at Christmas, and many most fearful mistakes were made. If you can be sure of the weather, the East Coast is well enough, and I like it; but I think the men are wise who nowadays get themselves off to Bournemouth or Brighton or, when they want the best golf, to Bideford for Westward Ho!—for it is to such places that I find large numbers of them going in these days.

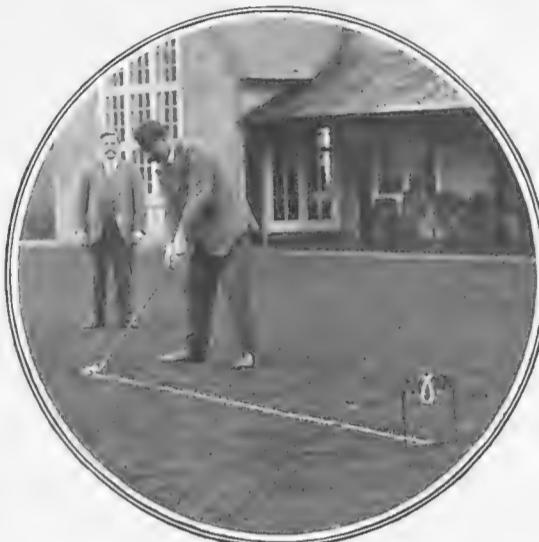
Golf-Girl Calendars. But, as I suggested, it is in other ways than in the matter of the mere playing of it that golf is so much in evidence just now, and has been for the last fortnight. The illuminated golf calendar has become



"GOLFITS" IN A CLUB-ROOM: RAY MAKES A FULL DRIVE.

Photograph by *Newspaper Illustrations*.

chopping away with a niblick in a bunker, with Mr. Balfour looking on, and the noble lord was gripping his club with the left hand below the right! The golf-calendar artists seem to have come to the conclusion that when they draw and paint the



"GOLFITS"—ON THE LINKS OR IN THE CLUB-ROOM: EDWARD RAY, THE OPEN CHAMPION, TESTING A NEW DEVICE.

With the aid of this device, strokes can be practised either on the links or in a room. Ray says he is delighted with the invention, whether he is using driver, brassie, or iron. The straightness of the shot is gauged, of course, from the division into which the cord falls.

Photograph by *Newspaper Illustrations*.

shilling balls instead of the half-crown ones to which George is addicted, because George in his more careful moments has said that he always plays with shilling balls—the humbug!—and because it did seem to Nellie and Ada that the shilling balls looked quite as good as the others. These ladies now get one of the balls out of George's bag, or get his friend Rupert to tell them what he uses, and the dear creatures buy him a dozen of the same kind, and don't care a hang if they do cost thirty shillings. They get it all back at the next domestic financial settlement, the saucy, clever pussies that they are! This is the best thing to give, at Christmas. Clubs make a dangerous present even when old ones are taken along to club-makers for copying purposes, as Ada and Nellie in the past have done. There are scores of golfing novelties in the shops this Christmas, but some-

how golfing novelties don't often make the best presents. On the other hand, a box of gleaming white balls look just as nice on Christmas morning as the turkey and the punch do later on.

HENRY LEACH.



"GOLFITS" IN A CLUB-ROOM: RAY MAKES A MASHIE SHOT.

Photograph by *Newspaper Illustrations*.

golfing girl, they ought to make her extremely graceful and pretty, and they do so accordingly, with the most bewitching effect. The girls I have just seen on the calendars, some in red jerseys and others in green, but all driving in a style that would make my lord Vardon something envious, make the hunting, the tennis, and all the other kinds of girls look—I nearly said "poor stuff," but I don't really mean that, but, well, not quite so good, you know, not so—so— Do you mind if I leave it at that, a little indefinite and non-committal, in view of the Christmas sociabilities in which I have promised to take part, not all of them confined to golfers? Good. What I would say, however, is that I don't like the way these Christmas artists go to the other extreme when they are handling the subject of men golfers.

Ada Buys a Box of Balls. Now for the careful housewife who has been cutting down expen-

diture in some directions for weeks past in order to get nice things for Christmas, and especially a suitable Christmas present for her dear husband, who is a good eleven man at his club, and is hoping to get to single figures in the New Year. I have given these wives—and the other ladies who hope to become the wives of golfing husbands—so much good advice on the subject of Christmas presents in past years, that they are tolerably well sophisticated by this. It is chiefly owing to me that they no longer go and buy a box of

of the half-crown ones to which George is addicted, because George in his more careful moments has said that he always plays with shilling balls—the humbug!—and because it did seem to Nellie and Ada that the shilling balls looked quite as good as the others. These ladies now get one of the balls out of George's bag, or get his friend Rupert to tell them what he uses, and the dear creatures buy him



FOLLIES, FUN, AND FANNY FIELDS.

THE Empire started Christmas early and produced a pantomime a long way ahead of the others. For author and composer it selected Mr. H. G. Péliéssier, and for exponents his troupe of Follies. Unfortunately, the experiment has not been wholly successful, and Monday (the 23rd) is to see them back at the Apollo, and "Everybody's Doing It" replaced in the Empire bill. The Follies have often burlesqued pantomime, and they might not unreasonably have been expected to give us something better than the usual thing. The result, however, hardly justifies anticipations. The chief of the Follies seems to have been over-impressed with the importance of the occasion. In a series of ten scenes, in which he closely adheres to the old story, he gives us a version of "Aladdin" which, while it is beautifully mounted, provides little of that spirit of light-hearted humour which we have learned to expect from him. He has the advantage of the lavish dressing characteristic of the Empire, and he has the assistance of the able corps-de-ballet, headed by Miss Phyllis Bedells, who dances with combined grace and skill. But with all this the production is none too exhilarating. Mr. Péliéssier, who has made us all laugh so much in the past, has given himself little to do, and appears to enter into the part of the Widow Twankey with no particular zest. Mr. Lewis Sydney plays two parts—the Slave of the Lamp and the Widow Twankey's boy—and does his best with material unworthy of his quaint methods. Mr. Morris Harvey works hard as Abanazar, the wicked uncle, and Miss Fay Compton plays the Princess. Following the lead of Drury Lane, there is a male "principal boy," and Mr. Douglas MacLaren is to be congratulated upon the way in which he undertakes the rôle.

There is plenty that is light and bright to be listened to, and plenty that is pretty to be looked at, but I infinitely prefer the Follies in their more disjointed and irresponsible moments.

Pretty Fanny's sheer Way.

For rolling jollity there are few music-hall turns to be compared with the one provided by Happy Fanny Fields at the Coliseum. The lady claims to be the originator of the jolly Dutch girl, and it is a claim which she can doubtless substantiate. Equipped with a Dutch accent, a real laugh, and a pair of wooden clogs, she never fails to keep a house in a state of continual merriment. She doubles up in excesses of intense enjoyment of her own absurdities, and the rattle of her

laughter at herself, clattering her clogs, emitting strange squeaks at frequent intervals, and generally appearing to be having as good a time as she is giving to those who are listening to her. Although her lingo is strange to the majority of her auditors, her humour is so simple and direct that she always succeeds in driving her points home; and while her own amusement appears to be what she is chiefly aiming at, it infects everyone. In days when halls of the type of the Coliseum present sedate comedy, and even grim tragedy, this sort of riotous joyfulness comes as a welcome change; and following as she does the quaint humour of Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Pantaloons," Happy Fanny Fields gives quite a new air to the proceedings, and one which is unanimously appreciated. After all, variety is the great desideratum, and a management does well to disband an audience in a condition of complete good-humour.

Turn and Turn Included in the rag-time invasion are The About.

Two Bobs, who are immensely popular with the patrons of the Tivoli. So far as I am personally concerned, they do not irritate me as do other exponents of exaggerated syncopation. Their voices are less harsh, and are not so fiercely insistent as their rivals'. They are gay and genial, while the others are grim and clamorous. The words of their songs are not much less meaningless than those of other songs set to this jerky measure, but there is more of something approaching the ditties, and there is a whimsicality about them which cannot fail to appeal. The Two Bobs, like Happy Fanny Fields, have the knack of suggesting that they

are on the best of terms with themselves, and this always predisposes an audience to feel on good terms with them also. Sometimes one is at the piano, sometimes the other, and occasionally both are playing, but whichever the arrangement, there is a lightness of touch and a gaiety of lilt which is very acceptable. The note they strike is the note of neatness and geniality, and by this means they manage to take, so to speak, the sting out of rag-time. Both are accomplished pianists and nimble dancers, and they can sing this class of melody without setting the teeth on edge. Besides, they do not entirely confine themselves to rag-time. They have a version of their own of the famous "Funiculi, Funicula," which is of an eminently cheerful

character, and which always finds favour at the Tivoli. Like their other songs, it doesn't mean anything in particular, but it is jolly and has the desirable effect of making the people glad they came, which is just what a comic song should do.

ROVER.



THE FOLLIES' PANTOMIME AT THE EMPIRE:
MR. DOUGLAS MACLAREN AS ALADDIN.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



THE FOLLIES' PANTOMIME: MR. DAN EVERARD.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

clogs creates an atmosphere of joyousness which the dourdest of audiences could scarcely resist. When one tries to recall the exact import and purport of her songs one is somewhat at a loss. One merely retains recollections of a small person roaring with



THE FOLLIES' PANTOMIME: MR. FITZ LEWIS.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



TOURING IN THE PYRENEES AND FRANCE—DUNLOPS AT THE SALON—THE HOTEL QUESTION—ENGINE PROGRESS.

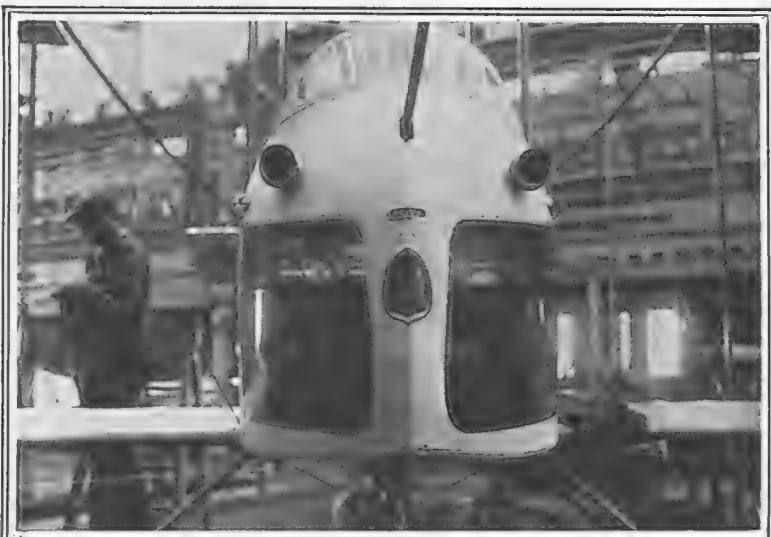
General Steam Bid for Motor Traffic. Mr. Freeston has done much to demonstrate the touring possibilities of the attractive Pyrenees. To reach the mountainous rampart which divides France from Spain in the summer-time, a very torrid part of France has to be traversed, and this deters many from making such tours. Moreover, the cost of car-transit by either Folkestone or Newhaven is sufficiently expensive, to which must be added the running costs of the journey from the port of entry to whatever Pyrenean point is selected as the push-off of the tour. The alternative to these means of reaching the desired objective is to take the car by sea from London to Bordeaux by the General Steam Navigation Company's boats, which leave every Saturday, arriving in Bordeaux early on the following Tuesday morning. The General Steam will carry a car of medium weight from London to Bordeaux for a fee about equal to that charged for the same car between Folkestone and Boulogne, and if the sea-voyage is not a deterrent, the touring party can accompany their car at very moderate fares. I am moved to these reflections by the fact that the G.S.N. Company have, in deference to a request by the A.A. and M.U., granted very special rates for members of those bodies owning cars and cycle-cars on this passage.

Cars In and Out of France. The late issue of the R.A.C. "Touring Notes" gives some interesting information with respect to the movement of touring cars between this country and France. It is shown that during the year 1911 no fewer than 1899 cars passed out of France through Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, and Havre, while 1975 passed these ports inwards, making a total of 3874. These four ports are the most important, but the figures do not include the ings and outgoings at Cherbourg, St. Malo, Bordeaux, La Rochelle, and Marseilles. It is thought that at these ports the number might total a thousand. It is evident, then, that motor traffic has become an important source of income to the various steamship companies. It is somewhat remarkable that, according to the totals given, more cars are taken into France than are brought out.

British Goods at the Paris Show. A special and gratifying feature of the Paris Salon was the very large use of goods of British pattern by many foreign exhibitors. At the Palais de l'Industrie, for instance, Dunlop motor-tyres and the Dunlop detachable wire-wheel were found on more than forty stands, amongst the firms fitting one or the other being such well-known houses as: Brasier, Charron, Clement-Bayard, Gobron,

the President was convinced that the grooves provide great security against skidding, the ribs and channels together giving a definite grip of the road, even on floating mud.

A "T.C.F." Wanted. Touring motorists should obtain the December issue of "The Austin Advocate," if only to peruse the most interesting article on the Touring Club of France and the French Tourist Hotel Industry. Only those who toured



TO SHIELD THE AIRMAN FROM THE ELEMENTS: A NEW AEROPLANE "CABIN."

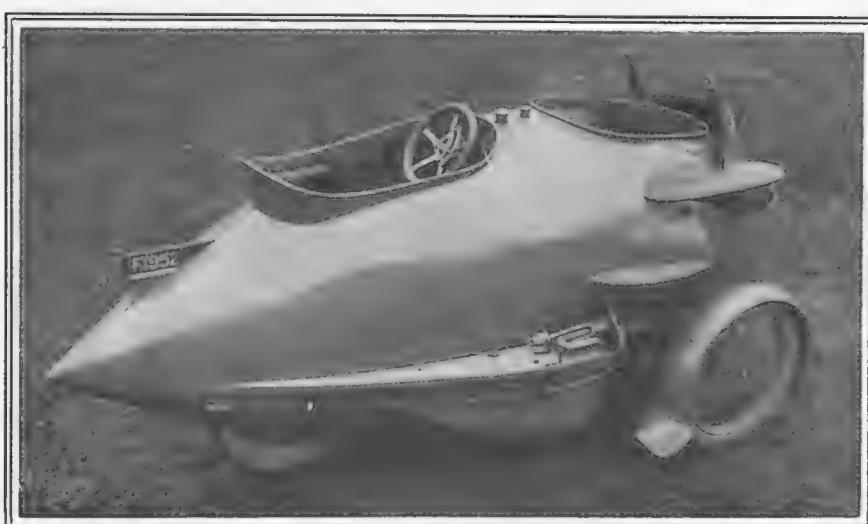
Photograph by Menisse.

in France in the early cycling days, and now take their holidays in a motor in that country, can realise what a stupendous task the T.C.F. had before it, and how successfully and completely it has carried it out in about twelve years. Although, as the "Advocate" says, the hotel problem is not the same in Great Britain and Ireland as it was in France, there is much work to be done here by an association which would grapple with the subject in the right way. It is not the fashionable first-class hotel which should be tackled, but the houses which are akin to those which have been dealt with by the French Club, and which over there do not charge more than

10s. per day per head *en pension*, with other charges in proportion. Indeed, that is rather a high charge for the average provincial French hotel; but if it could be made fairly universal here, with adequate accommodation and attention (there's the rub—attention), there would not be so much to grumble at. Both the R.A.C. and the A.A. have trifled with the subject—neither has approached it in downright earnest.

Progress Marking Time. No section of the community desires root-and-branch improvements less than the motor-car manufacturer, who would, if he could, turn out identical patterns year after year, for that way is much money made. And as manufacturers, or their representatives, have dinned the idea of the perfection-point reached into the ears of the public, the public are now more or less content to accept this view. It is quite true that, for the time, we seem to have come to a deadlock, to be marking time at least in the matter of engine and transmission design—for, after all, the various valveless or sleeve-valve engines, so far from displacing the poppet-valve variety, have only had the effect of putting the designers of the latter on their mettle, until the poppets have been delivered of performances not yet approached by the sleeve-valves, etc.

And the perfect substitute for the gear-box, the infinitely variable gear, seems as far off as ever, though that is not to say that it is not almost immediately at hand. The gas turbine may be with us before we can turn round, and it is certain that the advent of a really practical motor of this kind would go far to scrap every engine in use to-day. Men are always working at these problems, and the solutions may come like a flash from the most unexpected quarters.



BUILT TO FIGHT NOT MAN, BUT THE ELEMENTS IN ENGLAND: A MOTOR-CAR OF REMARKABLE DESIGN, TO BE SEEN IN LONDON STREETS.

Photograph by Partridge's Pictorial Press.

Panhard and Levassor, Renault, Delaunay-Belleville, Lorraine-Dietrich, Sizaire-Naudin, Unic, and others. Amongst the British manufacturers showing, and who adopted Dunlops, were: Austin, Argyll, Daimler, Rolls-Royce, and Sunbeam. The Dunlop Rubber Company tells the story that President Fallières, when making his early morning tour of the Show, made special inquiry as to the virtues of the Dunlop grooves. In the short space of time available,

FROM LIVIUS ANDRONICUS TO DRURY LANE:
THE EVOLUTION OF PANTOMIME.

TRADITION has it that Livius Andronicus, the father of Roman dramatic and epic poetry, began the new idea of pantomime when, declaiming his verse, he was so often recalled that he was left voiceless, and had to get another to recite the lines while he himself supplied the action. The scheme was well esteemed; the audience called for a repetition on the following day, and so the art of presenting the wordless play, the true pantomime, was established, in the third century before the Christian era.

The Maud Allans of Juvenal's Day. The art of the pantomimist spread rapidly over Italy and her provinces, and to be a successful pantomimist was as important to the Roman "nut" as is Bridge or dropped "g's" to our present-day example. Nero himself, of course, must gaily take the floor and posture with the best of them. The art of pantomiming became so imperially important in the eyes of the idle rich of Rome that at least one emperor had to issue a decree against it. Now, these pantomimists were masked, and hands and fingers, arms and legs and body-postures did the talking. Women pantomimists arose, and the early Christians did not like their style of emphasising their tenuity of costume. Even the pagan moralists protested. Juvenal was decidedly wroth with the Maud Allans of nineteen hundred years ago, although, be it noted, the pantomimists were said to be able to give a finer and more precise expression to passion and action than the poets themselves. Still the better-class pagan and Christian opinion was against the displays, and the mimes and their art fell with pagan rule.

Of course, quite a different type of pantomime is touched with the advance towards our own times. Ours grew from a foreign stock, it is needless to say. The pastoral play on the Continent gave birth to opera, and we acquired both varieties—and mixed them, blending pretty well all the histrionic methods known, for the building up of the prototype of the modern pantomime entertainment. The truth is, the pantomime itself—that is, the harlequinade and so forth—was originally the most important part of the entertainment. The fore part, which is all that counts to-day, was often enough given over to a puppet show. And the puppet predecessors of George Robey and company seem to have given every bit as much satisfaction at a good deal less cost, for so successful were they that the puppet show actually rivalled the opera. Just as the theatres of our time are against the halls, and the halls against the cinemas, so then the regular actors

WILL-O-THE-WISP: LITTLE MISS MAVIS YORKE IN "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS," AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

were against the puppets that led in the pantomime, and actually petitioned Charles II. upon the matter.

The First English Pantomime. The comic pantomime appeared in the beginning of the eighteenth century, when Colley Cibber in the matter of genuine drama, staged a humorous version of the Italian pantomime, blending the scenic and

mechanical features of the old masque with the pantomimic ballet. This, regarded as the first English pantomime proper, was in two parts: one exhibited a story from the classics, but in the intervals ran the surprising adventures of Harlequin and Columbine. Even so far back as 1717, the year in which this was produced, they knew something about the art of scenic illusion, for we are told that the magic wand of Harlequin produced such changes as the sudden transformation of palaces and temples to huts and cottages; of men and women into wheel-barrows and joint-stools; of trees turned to houses, colonnades to beds of tulips, and mechanics' shops into serpents and ostriches. It was the superlative excellence of Grimaldi in the part that gave the Clown chief glory in the harlequinade; formerly the Pantaloons was the funny man of the piece. The latter's dress is of Republican Venice; Harlequin's mask is a relic of the fabled cap of invisibility.

Pope on
Pantomimes.

The old pantomimes of London proved immensely successful; they routed grand opera and Shakespeare; they drew from Garrick a rhymed protest, and from Pope some stinging lines in his "Dunciad," when ridiculing the practice of people of high standing going twenty or thirty times to these plays, to see—

A sable sorceror rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies;
All sudden, gorgons hiss and dragons glare,
And ten-horned fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, Heaven descends, and dance on earth
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world, to—
Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out resplendent, with a heaven its own; . . .
The forests dance, the rivers upwards rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.

From all of which we may reasonably infer that the old makers of pantomime might have imparted a wrinkle or two even to this age in which we are supposed to know everything theatrical.

The Cost of a
Modern Pantomime.

The difference between the old and the new is in degree rather than in kind. The pantomime as we now know it is really the parent of vaudeville, so it is idle to complain of the resemblance between the two. We do things on a larger scale than was possible before. We have vaster stages, bigger crowds, larger audiences, more money both to spend and to draw. A Drury Lane pantomime involves an expenditure of £20,000 on scenery and costumes alone before a door is opened to the public. Even a good music-hall spends £10,000 before staging its pantomime spectacle. Drury Lane pays as much as £100 for wigs, while the costumes run from £5 up to £100 apiece. The salaries may be from £400 or £500 a week for the "Stars" down to the modest pittance of the ballet-girl and the scene-shifters. The latter, by the way, number a hundred, and earn from £2 to £4 a week.

A RAINBOW CHILD: A CHARACTER IN THE LAST ACT OF "WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS," AT THE GARRICK.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



THE MAN "PRINCIPAL BOY"
OF DRURY LANE'S PANTO-
MIME THIS YEAR: MR. WIL-
FRED DOUTHITT.

Mr. Douthitt, the "Principal Boy" in "The Sleeping Beauty," at Drury Lane. Mr. Arthur Collins, speaking to the "Referee" the other day, said: "Is it true that I am opposed to the idea of a 'Principal Boy' and that I am doing without one henceforth? No; it is not true. The fact is that in this pantomime the hero is turned into a beast at the end of the first part. Now, I could not very well ask a young lady to disguise herself half the night as a savage animal, could I? You may state from me that at any time the hero of my pantomimes will suit a 'principal boy' I shall engage one."

Photograph by Histed.





BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen."

People with fat purses will be merry enough this Christmas, but they will certainly not be hilarious by their own firesides or in the strict intimacy of the family circle. The corridors of hotels at the seaside or in the High Alps will resound with mirth; bumpers will flow in the smoking-rooms of caravanseras, and Christmas-trees will be lighted on board sumptuous cruisers, or on the shores of the blue Mediterranean. Excellent persons who were total strangers three days ago will clasp hands and sing "Auld Lang Syne," while the chefs of foreign hotels will vie with each other in preparing extraordinary versions of *le plum-pudding*. "Gentlemen," in short, will be merry, but only after they have transferred themselves and their wives and families, at considerable expense, into foreign lands. To watch the Continental mail trains start just now suggests the idea that this island, or at any rate its capital, has been stricken with the plague, so great is the haste and so fixed the determination to get out of it. Folks left in London at Christmas-time regard each other much like people marooned on a desert island. They are ready enough to commiserate each other, but are doubtful if anything can be made of the situation. Closed shops, drawn blinds, and streets innocent of traffic all combine to accentuate the gloom. In London, if "gentlemen" may "rest," they will certainly not be conspicuously "merry," unless they are possessed of private funds of mirth and good-humour. It is not too much to say that no other capital in the world wears such a desolate aspect as London on the twenty-fifth of December.

"The Snob's Heaven." If, as Mr. Frank Harris has recently informed us, Great

Britain is indeed the Heaven of the Snob, one wonders how long it will continue to occupy this exalted position, in view of the triumphant rise of democracy, the levelling of classes, the ease with which titles are acquired, and the decline of our hereditary aristocracy. As a matter of fact, when the principle of incredity is done away with in the House of Lords, will the Simple Snob be still content to disburse vast sums in order to enjoy a few brief years' attendance in the Upper Chamber, with no founding of a great "family" to reward his zeal and his expenditure? I suppose Austria, England, and America are the three modern countries in which titles are held in the highest esteem; but this island being the most truly democratic country of the three, it is probable that it will cease to be the Snob's Paradise long before the Austrian has done worshipping his "sixteen quarterings," and the American girl's ambition ceases to consist in capturing a British peer.

Cinderella in Oxford Street.

It is always amusing to trace cause and effect, and the enormous increase of sumptuous shoe-shops during the last two or three years is, of course, a direct result of the short and attenuated skirts worn by all young womenfolk. The Englishwoman has suddenly become

intensely aware of the fact that she possesses a pair of feet, and that, moreover, they must be adequately shod if she is to compete successfully with her contemporaries. Thus the shoe trade is notoriously doing well, though the makers of petticoats may wring their hands and the artificers of stuffs and silks may sigh in vain for the good old times when twenty-five yards was not held to be an excessive quantity for a woman's gown. Now we curtail our materials and abbreviate our skirts, and lo! the shoe-maker has come into his own, so that London

streets all look as if they were preparing to send Cinderella to the ball. These wonderful windows add enormously to the gaiety, the general air of opulence of the Town. For there is nothing more amusing than to look at little shoes. Baby's shoes, with latchets, are adorable, and the footwear of the débutante, of the bride—even of the winter-sports girl—all give furiously to think. To be sure, the slippers in the windows are a size or so smaller than those worn by our modern young Amazons, just as Frenchwomen, when travelling, are said to possess a diminutive pair of boots which they use simply to place outside their doors, so that all who come along the hotel corridor may see and admire. Yet the general effect, if illusionary, is extremely cheerful. Cinderella, it is clear, is one of the heroines of Oxford Street.

The Prodigal Daughter. I once heard an impassioned

address at an Ethical Society, on the problem of the Prodigal Son, in which the speaker by no means approved of the forgiveness of this Biblical delinquent. Yet, nowadays, we are not only called upon to sympathise with the son who has squandered health and fortune in the pursuit of pleasure, but on the daughter as well. In plays, especially, the Young Person who throws her cap over the mill always comes to a good end: she is either rehabilitated—as in "The Miracle"—or is welcomed into matrimony, as in "Everywoman" or as in Mr. Macdonald Hastings' new play, "The Tide." On the stage, at present, the road to a successful marriage and a happy middle age seems to be lined with "roses and raptures" rather than with "lilies and languors." It indicates an extraordinary state of contemporary feeling, especially as the writers of

all these stage-plays belong to what used to be the censorious and unforgiving sex. If such plays had been written by women, we should be told they were subversive of morality and contrary to the public good. Yet if a Dickens were writing now, he would probably present Little Emly's adventure with Steerforth as only an episode on her way to the altar, while a Thackeray would inevitably make Beatrix Esmond's career end triumphantly with her marriage to a peer of the realm. The views about women which were supposed to be crystallised for ever in the middle of the last century are now exploded. It is man who is extending the hand of sympathy and pardon, and even of toleration.



IDEAS FROM PARIS: DESIGNS FOR EVENING GOWNS.

The left-hand figure shows an evening gown of Mandarin satin. The skirt is gathered round the hips and opens over a chiffon underskirt; the chiffon bodice has a small beaded fichu. On the right is a gown of beaded chiffon over rose-coloured satin. The tunic has a fringe and wreath of jet worked down on one side of it; a black tulle swathing round under the arms gives an original effect to the bodice.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 28.

CHRISTMAS.

BY the time these lines appear, most of our readers will probably be far more concerned with Christmas and its festivities than City articles and such-like mundane things, and if anyone does try to read these Notes, the chances are some schoolboy voice will suggest that it would be "a jolly sight better to turn over to the pantomime pictures." Maybe, however, one will be found wise enough—or perhaps foolish enough—to attempt the task even if he wears a paper cap over one eye; and to him, therefore, we wish the merriest of Merry Christmases and, be he a bull or a bear, a right prosperous year in 1913.

1912.

It does not seem very long since we wrote this article in Christmas week twelve months ago, but the year has been in many ways an eventful one for the markets. The boom in Nigerian Tins which culminated in the Anglo-Continental fiasco, the strike, the gamble in Marconis, and the war in the Near East have all played their part in keeping interest alive, and in transferring money from one pocket to another.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature, however, has been the growth of the tendency towards the combination of groups of companies carrying on the same class of business. The expansion of the Farquhar interests in South American Railways, and the Underground Electric Combine in London are the two examples which first occur to the mind. In the United States, however, it looks as though there will have to be a reversal of this policy owing to the recent decisions of the Courts.

In the case of gilt-edged securities, the tendency has been steadily downwards, and the only relief has been afforded by the buying of the Government broker, presumably on behalf of the Insurance Commissioners. The reasons for this decline are not difficult to find. In addition to the uneasiness caused by the present Government's financial methods, the boom in trade has withdrawn large sums from investments, and the increase in Colonial stocks, which offer a return in some cases of 4 per cent., and are available for trustees, have all had their effect. Consols, which opened the year at 77½, have fluctuated between 79½ and 72½, and close only about two points above the best.

With the space at our disposal it is impossible to do more than touch on a very few points, and with the above remarks we must leave the following table, showing the changes in a few of the most interesting stocks, to speak for itself—

	End of 1911.	Highest 1912.	Lowest 1912.	Present Price.
London, Chatham and Dover Ordinary	16½	24½	15½	21½
Central London Ordinary	68	89½	67½	80
Canadian Pacifics	240	291	231½	263½
Eries	32½	40½	30½	32
Argentine N.E.	53	71½	49½	58
P. and O. Deferred	250	422	246	305
Marconis	3½	9½	3½	4½

INDIAN RAILWAYS.

The prosperity which has been enjoyed in India of late years shows no signs of diminution, and prospects for the current harvests are very good. The import of ivory for native bangles has been particularly brisk during the last few months, and this can generally be taken as a clear indication that India is in for a good time.

The results of the various railways for the first half of 1912, which have recently been published, make most satisfactory showings, and traffics during the current period, almost without exception, show considerable increases.

In the case of the Rohilkund and Kumaon Railway Company, the dividend announced in October was 3 per cent. for the half-year, with a bonus of 1 per cent., making 4 per cent. in all against 3½ per cent. a year ago. Traffics on both the main line and the Lucknow Bareilly State line continue to improve, so it is not improbable that the total distribution for 1912 will be 8 per cent., against 7 per cent. a year ago. There is no State guarantee of interest, as is the case with many of the Companies, but the Secretary of State can acquire the line in 1932, and, at any time within a limited period, is in a position to fix the price, which is to be twenty-five times the average annual net earnings during the preceding five years. The quotation has risen to 137, but the outlook is promising, and the price does not appear to discount the future.

Another line that is doing particularly well is the Bombay, Baroda and Central India Railway. In this case there is a guaranteed dividend of 3 per cent. per annum, and for the first half of the year an additional ½ per cent. was paid, and we do not doubt there will be an increased dividend for the current six months. The latest Report shows that not only have gross traffics increased, but the ratio of working expenses has been reduced from 48 to 44½ per cent., and here again current traffics show a splendid increase.

Under agreement with the Secretary of State, when, as is now the case, one-tenth of the surplus earnings is sufficient to provide an additional ½ per cent., the Company's participation in any further surplus is to be one-fifteenth.

It is clear, therefore, that no startling increase in the distribution can be looked for, but the Company's affairs are now on a very strong basis, and a gradual improvement can be confidently expected.

SOME PROMISING RUBBER SHARES.

Renewed attention is being devoted to Rubber shares as investments, owing to the wonderful steadiness in the price of the raw article, and to a greater appreciation of the fact that the demand is at least keeping pace with the supply. It seems fairly certain now that the price to be obtained all through 1913 will be not less than 4s. per lb., or very little less than the probable average price for the 1912 crop; while, although it is still too far ahead to speak with any certainty, the average price all over 1914 may be conservatively estimated as not below 3s. 6d. If the demand should expand, as many experts anticipate, these figures may be considerably exceeded; but I am giving them as a safe basis to work from. If any of our readers are wondering which are the best shares to buy as investments (I am not speaking of speculation), it may be said generally that the safest shares to buy for a probable improvement are those which are already dividend-payers, and whose production will expand very largely in the next year or two. The older companies have not now the same scope for expansion, while the disadvantage of buying shares in Companies which will not be earning dividends for some years is that there may be opportunities of buying them cheaper in the interim before they reach the dividend-earning stage. I have given particulars below of five of the most promising Companies: all of these are already paying considerable dividends, and are on the eve of a big expansion in their outputs. In estimating the dividend for 1913 I have allowed for a drop to 4s. in the price of rubber, although it may be mentioned that several of them have already sold a portion of their 1913 crops forward up to 4s. 8d. a lb. In every case only a part of their acreage is as yet in bearing. Of the dividends estimated for 1912, Batu Tiga has paid 12½ per cent interim, Damansara 37½, Kapar Para 45, and Langkat Sumatra 12½. The Sagga Co.'s financial year ends in July, and the interim dividend is not yet due.

Name.	Capital Issued.	Acreage planted to end of 1912.	Estimated Divi- dend for 1912.	Estimated Divi- dend for 1913.	Price of Shares Dec. 11, 1912.
Batu Tiga	£74,300	1835 acres	35 per cent.	50 per cent.	£4
Damansara	£105,000	2174 "	65 "	75 "	£3½
Kapar Para	£75,000	3540 "	80 "	100 "	£3½
Langkat Sumatra	£75,000	2000 "	30 "	45 "	£4
Sagga	£23,000	1507 "	100 "	150 "	£1½

Q.

When the United Malaysian Rubber Company issued its Report in 1911 we suggested that shareholders would be wise to keep their shares rather than sell at the figure then ruling—namely, 2s. 6d. The Report just issued shows a distinct improvement, but is, nevertheless, a most disappointing document. Rubber is being turned out in large quantities and selling well, but the accounts show a loss. Next year's accounts should make a better showing, but there is still a large debit balance, and the shares look a long way away from dividends.

Thursday, Dec. 19, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

THE BAT (Yorks).—We hold a good opinion of the share you mention, and should be inclined to hold for an improvement in price after Christmas. On the other hand, there has been a certain amount of puffing lately, which always looks suspicious.

V. S. S.—Many thanks for your letter. We hope the transaction will turn out profitably. If we use the information, we will not mention your name.

INQUIRER.—(x) A disappointment, and the shares are now so low that there is little object in selling. (y) Should hold. (z) Do not advise. (2) Big production probable in three or four years; but dividends unlikely until 1915. (3) Only a moderate speculation.

VICTOR.—A very sound security.

NOTE.—As we go to press early this week, we ask the indulgence of correspondents whose answers are held over.

RAILWAY COMPANIES' ACCOUNTS.—We have been informed that in consequence of the coming into operation on Jan. 1, 1913, of the Railway Companies (Accounts and Returns) Act, 1911, the different Railway Companies will not make an adjustment now of the traffic returns for the first half of 1912 to compare with the traffic returns as published during the six months ending June 30, 1913, the only exceptions to this policy being the Hull and Barnsley Railway Company and the Great North of Scotland Railway Company. Adjusted figures may be issued week by week to compare with the 1913 traffics. The Scotch Companies, which have hitherto begun their half-year on Feb. 1, will at the same time come into line with the English Companies, and all will in future make up their accounts for a whole year from Jan. 1, interim dividends being payable when the directors consider this course advisable.


THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN
A Merry Christmas.

There is something in the atmosphere of Christmas which Charles Dickens understood and expressed; and which most of us feel—

all of us, indeed, for cynicism is only skin-deep! The birth of a Babe nineteen hundred and twelve years ago, which sheds over all the Christian world to-day a wave of cheeriness and goodwill, was a miracle, whatever may be individual opinion on the subject of the Incarnation. If there is anyone at Christmas out of the magic circle of love and goodwill, whether it be a big wide one, or one small and limited, it must be their misfortune in a terrible sense, for I believe that it is not the will of any Christian people not to include, in their genial recognition of the festival, every human soul that comes in touch with their own. So if there be—and it is no doubt that there are—some who will remain outside the influence of the celebration of Christmas, let all good Christians pray for them, for their state is parlous! A Merry Christmas to you, gentle readers—merry and bright, and good and true, and British! for in that last

attribute, believe me, there is nothing to be ashamed of, even if the material symbols are turkey, plum-puddings and mince-pies. There are other and far better things behind!

Like Lightning.

When one can go to a restaurant, such as that known as "Tricity House," Oxford Street, where all the food is cooked with the now well-known Tricity apparatus one begins to realise how we have, through our great scientists, tamed a thing like lightning, and made it do the so-called menial work of preparing our food. It prepares it so well, too; there is no waste in the cooking in a Tricity oven, and all the rich juices come to table in the meat, whether fish, joint, bird, savoury, sweet, or pastry. The restaurant will convince everyone of the excellence of flavour in food so cooked, and those who are unable

do well to send for



THE GIPSY HANDSHAKE: THE OLDEST-KNOWN PURE-BRED GIPSY GREETS A DESCENDANT OF THE AUTHOR OF "LAVENGRO."

The true-born gipsy is accustomed to use a sort of masonic sign which enables him to distinguish a pure-bred member of his community. This is a particular form of handshake, supposed to bring good luck. If two gypsies have a feud, a nail is placed between the first and second fingers while they shake hands, and if it draws blood the feud is ended. Our photograph shows Jasper Petulengro, the oldest known pure-bred gipsy, shaking hands with Miss Winefride Borrow, a descendant of George Borrow, at the Gipsy and Folk Lore Club's supper at the Cave of the Calf.

Photograph by Excelsior Illustrations.

to test these gastronomic advantages will particulars to the Manager, 49, Oxford Street, who will send them, post free.

The Stage and Society.

We all knew long

ago that actors and actresses were fetishes worshipped by Society. They amuse and interest, without exertion to the subject. Smart people sit in their stalls and have acted to them a three-volume novel which it would have bored them "awfully" to read; or a musical comedy combines for them a story and tunes requiring no effort of brain on their part to appreciate; or a huge joke is elaborated in several acts for their benefit. Naturally, the people who thus simplify the killing of time come

in for great gratitude. Now, however, fashionable people are doing a fair amount of their own acting. The favourite amusement of this time of year is amateur theatricals. The pet foible of Society just now is dressing up, and some people begin to think actors and actresses are only moderately clever, after all. Even the smart men and women who dress up for a costume ball pride themselves on the way they sustain their parts. Either way, the stage is all right: it profits even when it loses prestige—for the most successful amateur is he or she who imitates best a professional; and the audience, poor things! hasten to the first available professional performance to have the memory of the amateurs' obliterated; and yet they enjoyed the private performance because they knew the people!

The British Complexion

It has to be careful in these days of stir and stress, or it will lose prestige. Motoring, sports, bridge-playing, smoking, and other things that everybody does now would have been tabooed by early Victorian mothers, if only on the score of injury to their girls' complexions. The only way to obviate the bad effects of what all women now do as a matter of course is to consult such an expert in skin-beautifying as Mrs. Hemming, and use her Cyclax preparations regularly, and in many circumstances, under her personal guidance. So gratified is she by the increased application for these wonderful remedies since it became known that they were hers, and that she manages to get into personal touch with all Cyclax clients, that, despite royal commands and extensive private work, she arranges her time to give this personal advice. Ladies after one treatment are amazed at the improvement in their skin. The treatments are absolutely unique—Mrs. Hemming resolutely opposes all operations or unnatural systems, and makes her cures and improves complexions by methods based on science wedded with common-sense. She is an example of the success of this method, for, having used her own preparations for twenty-three years, she has a skin like a rose-leaf, and never a wrinkle. Beauties in Society and on the stage repair regularly to her at 58, South Molton Street, and emerge from the luxurious private salons there rejuvenated in body and spirit, for it is wholly true that a woman is as old as she looks. "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty" is a booklet setting forth Mrs. Hemming's method, and giving much practical information, which will be sent free on application to 58, South Molton Street.



THE FIRST AUSTRIAN ARCHDUCHESS TO RENOUNCE RANK AND REVENUE FOR LOVE: THE ARCHDUCHESS ELEONORE, WHO IS ENGAGED TO A NAVAL LIEUTENANT.

Many male members of the House of Hapsburg have renounced their rights for love, but the first woman to do so, it is said (before marriage, at any rate) is the Archduchess Eleonore, eldest daughter of the Archduke Karl Stephan. She has just become engaged to Lieutenant Alfons von Kloss, who was at one time in command of her father's yacht. Eventually her parents consented, as also did the Emperor Francis Joseph.

Photograph by Pietzner.



ABOUT TO UPHOLD THE HONOUR OF THE LIGHT AND DARK BLUE OVER PLOUGHED FIELDS: THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE—THE START IN ROEHAMPTON LANE.

Oxford and Cambridge meet on many fields as well as one historic water. One of their annual conflicts is the cross-country race, which took place this year on Dec. 14, this being the thirty-third annual contest. The course was a circuit of 7½ miles—starting at the King's Head, Roehampton, and returning to the Well House on Wimbledon Common. The teams were five a side. Oxford won by 24 points to 31, and also had the first man home—G. M. Sproule, of Balliol.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

PLAYS concerning the bliss of parenthood are rushing in. Mr. Inglis Allen gave us one at the Little Theatre, called "If We had Only Known," a title that somehow suggests the books of Mr. William de Morgan. Mr. Allen is of the stock of another famous wit, Douglas Jerrold, and one may say that the rather rapturous play about the bliss of being a parent shows a pleasant gift for writing laughable dialogue and much agreeable humour. His play may be a little clumsy at times, and elaborate rather than ingenious in construction; also in the third act we had something of an overdose of sugar, but somehow the work has charm, and in many scenes its enthusiasm proved infectious. Miss Mary Jerrold, to whom we are already indebted for much delightful acting, played quite prettily as the young mother. Mr. Leon Quartermaine acted pleasantly as the husband.

The next parental-instinct drama was "The Tide," by Mr. Macdonald Hastings, a dramatist quite unlike Mr. Inglis Allen. We plunged at the start into a mass of fireworky dialogue, of which I understood a fair amount, and then discovered that the heroine was in a tremendous state because she had been robbed sixteen years before of her illegitimate baby. There are good scenes and bad, and the last act can wisely be sent to the lethal chamber at Battersea. Mr. Hastings reminds me of the schoolboy's phrase—"too jolly clever by half"; and experience shows that the obviously clever plays do not grip one. We were simply curious, or, indeed, almost indifferent, when we ought to have been harrowed. I except one scene—very finely played by Miss Cicely Hamilton—which did touch the house. Miss Ethel Warwick's acting shows more and more conclusively that she will never get or give the full benefit of her quite considerable talent until she submits to some autocratic producer. There was some able work by Mr. Norman Trevor, Mr. Shiel Barry, and Mr. Macmillan. The piece was received with much favour.

The Pioneer Players in their latest enterprise produced a short play of very much ability. It is called "Honour thy Father," and the author is H. M. Harwood. The piece suggests one of the cruel short stories of Guy de Maupassant in its grim humour and biting picture of human weakness. The study of a vain old man full of family pride, who suddenly finds that his bread-and-butter comes from a tainted source, that his whole income is the produce of his daughter's shame, is very striking: the author works out the theme painfully by showing how the man gradually accepts the inevitable and acquiesces in the idea of continuing to live on the proceeds of the girl's profession. The characters are finely drawn and the

dialogue well written, so the play, despite its subject, is sure to be heard of again. There was some admirable acting in it by Miss Hilda Moore and Messrs. J. Fisher White and Moffatt Johnston.

There is sincerity and some skill in Mr. Lyttleton's long, painful piece, "The Thumbscrew," which gives a realistic picture of the sweated classes, but it is more pamphlet than drama, although a tale is worked into it about the self-sacrifice of a working girl, who refuses happiness at the cost of others—the part was charmingly played by Miss Phyllis Relph. Miss Margaret Yarde gave a very clever picture of a grasping Jewish middlewoman. "Beastie," by Mr. Hugh de Selincourt, is a trifle of some ability, in which Miss Hilda Bruce Potter acted very well as a very generous young wife.

It is safe to say that there is not a single little girl in the whole world who would not be delighted to receive, as a Christmas present, a "Baby Wendy's Cradle," such as Peter Pan sent to Wendy from the tree-tops when she got married, and—

When the Stork had brought her
Wendy for a daughter.

The sale of the cradle has already collected £200 and founded a cot at Lord Mayor Treloar's Cripples' Hospital. It is made (in oak arborite) by the Cartonite and Arborite Syndicate, 78, Fleet Street, and can be had either unfurnished or with silk fittings.

Among the portraits of guests (in costume) at the Arabian Nights Ball given in our issue of Dec. 18 was one of M. Casares, whom we described, on information supplied with the photograph, as "a relative of the Argentine Minister in London." We have been requested to state that this information was incorrect, and that M. Casares is not related to Don Vicente Dominguez, the Minister in question, who is not acquainted with him.

At the Cave of the Calf in Heddon Street, the Cabaret Theatre Club has had an attractive programme during the Christmas season. On Tuesday, Dec. 17, there was an Impromptu Evening, with a special cabaret performance. The guests of honour were Ellen Aggerholm, of the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, and Clive Carey. For the 19th a Soirée Dansante Masquée was arranged; for the 20th, Negro Minstrels and a Rag-Time Supper; for the 21st (Sunday), a Thé Chantant at four, and at nine a Russian Gipsy Choir and Dances. The programme for Christmas Eve began with dinner at eight, followed by supper at eleven, and at midnight Christmas Carols, the club to remain open until 5 a.m. For Boxing Day, a Neapolitan Night was planned. Sunday, the 28th, was to be the Poets' Day, and on the 30th was to be the Critics' Cabaret. For New Year's Eve has been arranged a "Réveillon Parisien."



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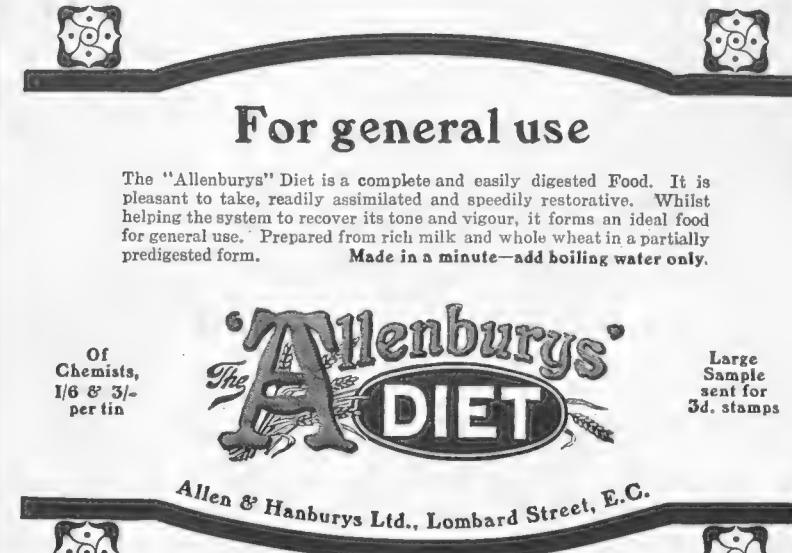
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Pantomime Principals; the Ever-amazing U.S.A.; "The Eldest Son," at the Kingsway; the King of Siam; Guaranteed Not to be a Portrait; Mlle. Mado Minty; "Everybody's Doing It"; "A Boy and Three Girls"; Who Said "Abolish the Principal Boy of the Fair Sex"? "A Dresden Fantasy," at the Palace; Miss Pauline Chase as Peter Pan.

PEACE ON EARTH AND BEAUTY TO WOMEN

THERE was once a King's daughter who had most of the things a princess could reasonably desire. She was of a noble figure, and of a very gracious dignity. Her jewels stirred the envy of the stars. She had a thousand palfreys, richly caparisoned, in her stables, and a comfortable little motor in a garage near at hand. She had several hundred of the handsomest princes on earth for admirers, at least one of whom loved her for herself alone. She was healthy as a youngling cherub.

She played a better hand at Bridge than any other woman in the kingdom. She had even written a successful play, and had moved the whole world to laughter by her merry wit. She could also digest anything without affectation. And yet the princess was far from happy.

For it must be known that the princess had no complexion, if you make hasty exception of the one that she had but did not want. Her skin was muddy and blotched, and even pimples made at times miserable mock of her other charms.

And so it befell upon a day, that the princess's Fairy Godmother came to her and said:—"If you will lend me your automobile to go shopping withal, I will give you a complexion like Hebe's." And the princess sighed, for truly this was a great matter. But the princess yielded, for surely her complexion was by far the more momentous matter, having regard to her uncertain tenure of the noble lord, who quite possibly loved her for herself alone.

Thereupon the Fairy took the princess to a place of fragrances, and said:—"Here at the sign of the Seven Ecstasies there sitteth one, a very wise woman, who shall surely do away with your woe." And she in waiting gave the princess the first Ecstasy. That was Valaze, wherewith to clear the princess's complexion of every speck, freckle, and every other impurity with which it may have been burdened; wherewith to smooth the skin's texture, to charm away the threatening lines and wrinkles, and keep it soft, supple, and sweet (4/6, 8/6, and 21/- per jar). And the second Ecstasy, that was Novena Cerate, wherewith the skin should be cleansed according to



Nature's own intent and purpose, on occasions when soap and water must be eschewed (2/6, 4/6, and 12/6). And the third Ecstasy was the Valaze Powder, to be dusted on when the skin is greasy, or Novena Poudre, when the skin is dry or normal (3/-, 5/6 and 10/6). And the fifth Ecstasy was the Valaze Snow Lotion, a beauty lotion in sooth, cooling the skin, giving it softness and colour, either white, pink, or cream, just as may be desired (4/-, 7/-, and 10/6). And then for the time when the skin should be in a fit condition to be washed with soap and water, there was the sixth Ecstasy, which was Valaze Complexion Soap, compounded of rare herbs and almonds (2/6 and 4/6 a cake). And then came the seventh Ecstasy, that was the Novena Sun-proof and Wind-proof Crème, wherewith to safeguard the skin against the harmful action of the sun, or the wind, or the weather (3/- and 6/- a jar).

And lo! the princess forthwith became so lovely and adorable that she married an emperor who loved her for herself alone. And the

other charms wherewith the wise woman compassed this thing, are written in the new and revised edition of her book of "Beauty in the Making," which any grave matron or maid just blooming may have from Madame Helena Rubinstein, at her Maisons de Beauté Valaze, by writing and enclosing 6d. in stamps. When subsequently sending for any of Madame Rubinstein's specialities, the sender will be at liberty to deduct from the amount of the purchase.

Any of the preparations mentioned above, or others listed in "Beauty in the Making," to the aggregate value of 25/-, will be forwarded on receipt of one guinea (£1 1s.). This offer will be available only up to January 15, and orders should especially mention this number of *The Sketch*.

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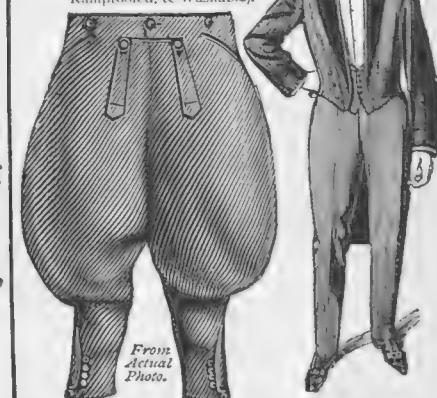
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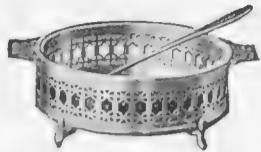
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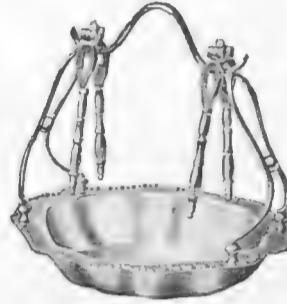


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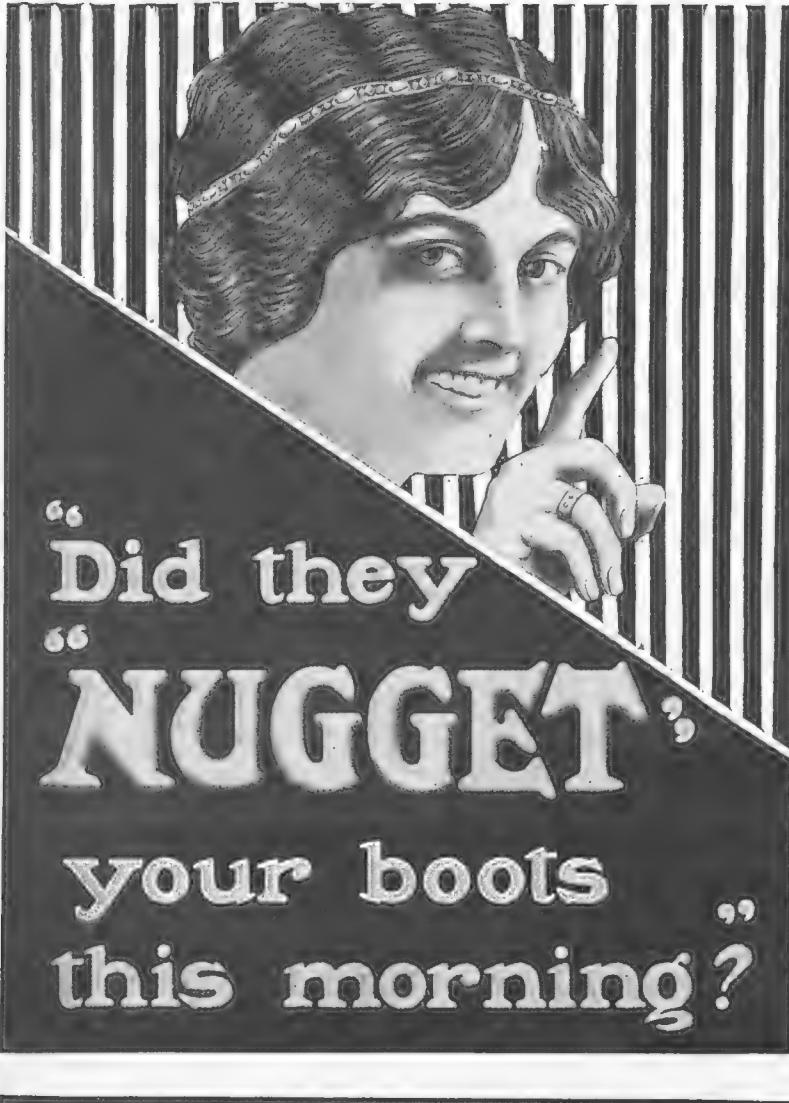
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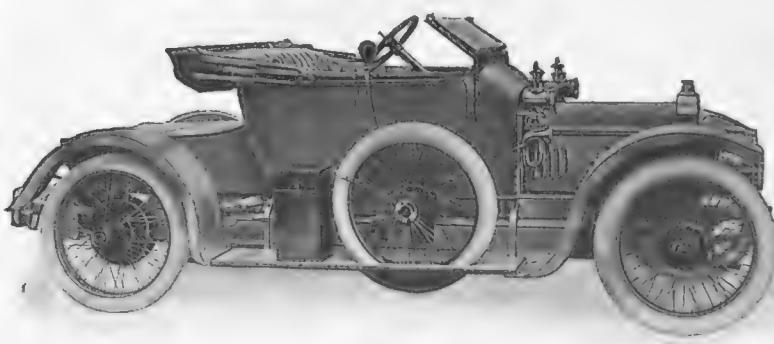
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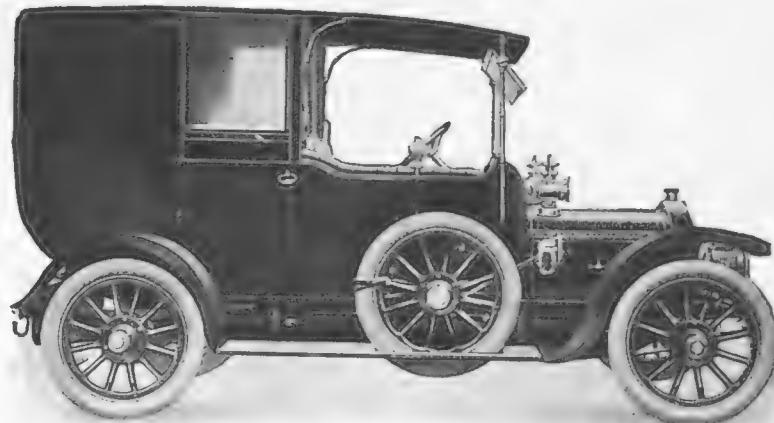
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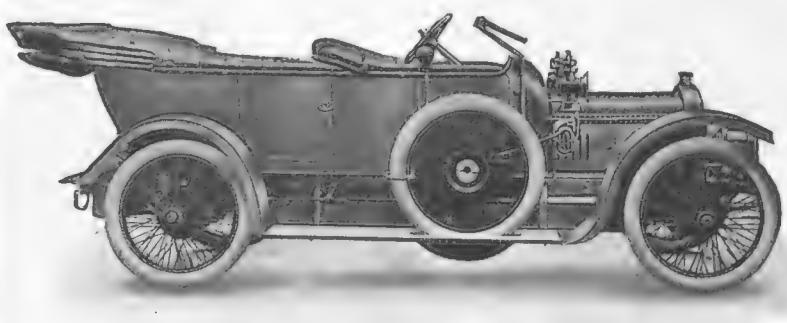
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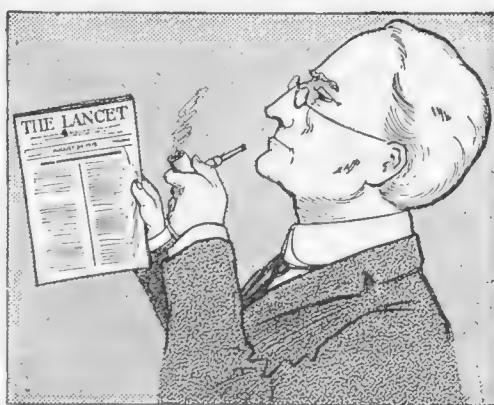
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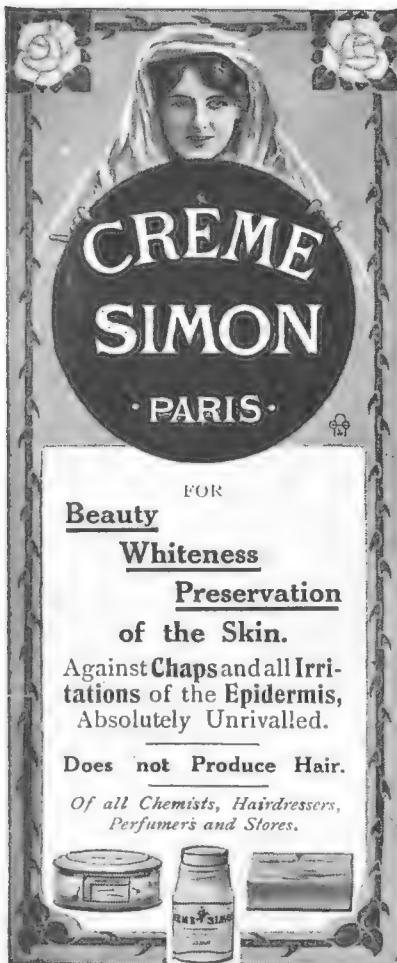
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Patterns of colourings and specimen coat sent on request.

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"Following Darkness."
By FORREST REID.
(Arnold.)

and passionate: "it is admirable and it is base; it is full of curiosity; it is healthy and it is morbid; it is animal and it is spiritual." All these suggestions are realised in the boyhood and adolescence of Peter Waring, who tells himself of the environment and temperament which helped them to expression. He feels that he came into the world a mere bundle of inherited instincts, "for the activity of which I was no more responsible than for the falling of last night's rain." Nothing is more pathetic, perhaps, than the development of very youthful almost morbid egotism. It goes forth into the world recking little of others' pain or pleasure, but so doomed to misery itself that the poignancy of that certainty disarms criticism. Peter possessed in addition to his egotism more than his share of fastidiousness and passion. And the disappointment which his love met with could not fail to unbalance a dangerously poised nature. His action on the impulse of despair is extraordinarily like that of a great dramatist, who, by his own confession, hoped to contract pneumonia. The sad story ends with the anti-climax to that attempt, and the last page leaves Peter with his constitution and one faithful friend to start life afresh with. A spiritual note and an unrelaxed restraint of good taste help the ruthless self-analysis to result in a distinguished study. And the delicate Irish landscape is charmingly in sympathy with the theme.

"The Declension of Henry D'Albiac."
By V. GOLDIE.
(Heinemann.)

Henry was all right till he got into a Suffragist row as he walked home from dinner through Whitehall. He was a French Marquis, irreproachably bred à l'Anglais from Eton onward, and engaged to a social beauty. All the disgust supposed to arise in the male mind at sight of unsexed harridans waiting for the car of a Cabinet Minister was savoured by the French aristocrat as he was jostled in the mêlée. Then he met a woman in the grip of a policeman, and his Latin instinct of chivalry was too strong for his acquired Saxon

restraint. He disabled the policeman and saw a damaged female into her bus. From that evening his aristocratic calm, his traditions of sport and life, his perfect taste in dressing, even his dinners were doomed. For the little woman lived in a Chelsea slum, and talked the doctrines which are better talked there than anywhere in the world: a kind of anti-everything except art and vegetables. And the talk became a siren song for the Marquis, luring him from safe beautiful shallows to the ups and downs of an element strange and cold and disturbing, but always very noble. This is not accomplished without a considerable amount of propaganda which could strike no one as original except a French Marquis educated at Eton. One is really grateful for that voluble rattle, Roddy Chalmers, whose account of the erstwhile "blood," collarless, in a Norfolk jacket with hanging belt, dining at Miles's off nuts, is in his best vein. It is impossible that "The Declension of Henry D'Albiac" could have been written by other than a woman; only a woman could have such faith in her sex, and remove such mountains in the psychological geography of the other. Miss Goldie rejects valiantly the temptation of match-making and refuses to set the wedding-bells ringing; she ends not on the brother-and-sister note, but that of friend: and the reason for that lies, doubtless, more with her seriousness than her sense of congruity. In spite of some unfortunate phrasing, the use of an unhappy adjective like "Messalinan," or such a pedantic word as "aposiopesis," the story makes pleasanter reading than tracts usually do, and may be given by Panks to Peths, and still more shadowy supporters, with a certainty that it can do no harm if little good.

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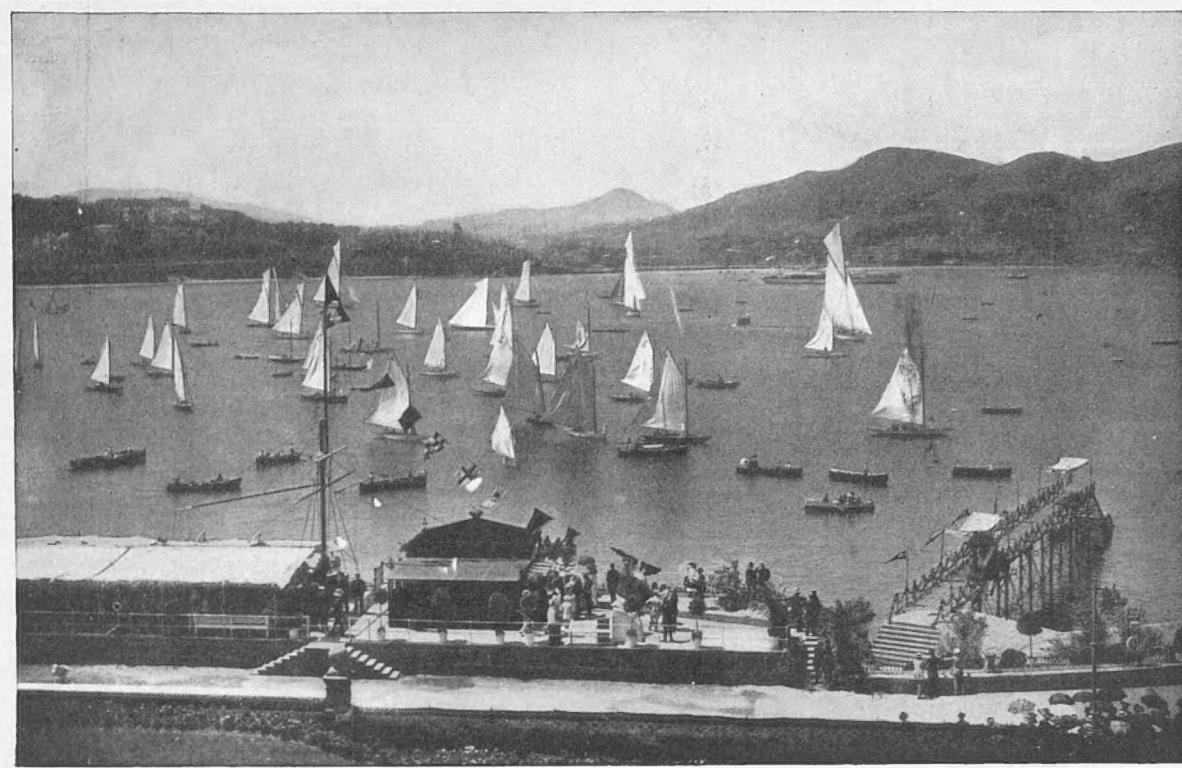
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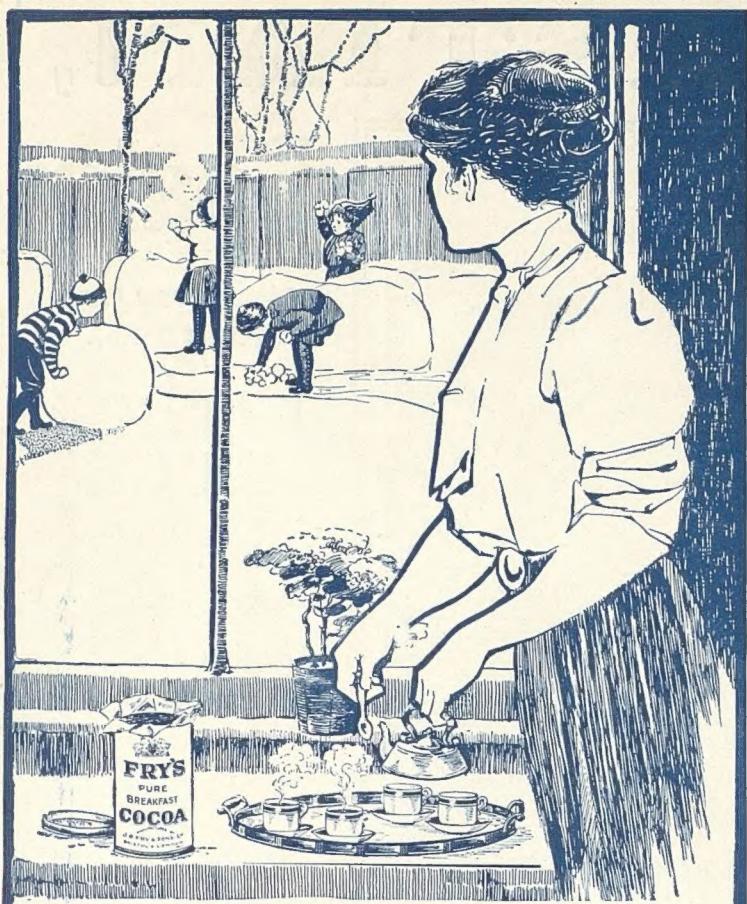
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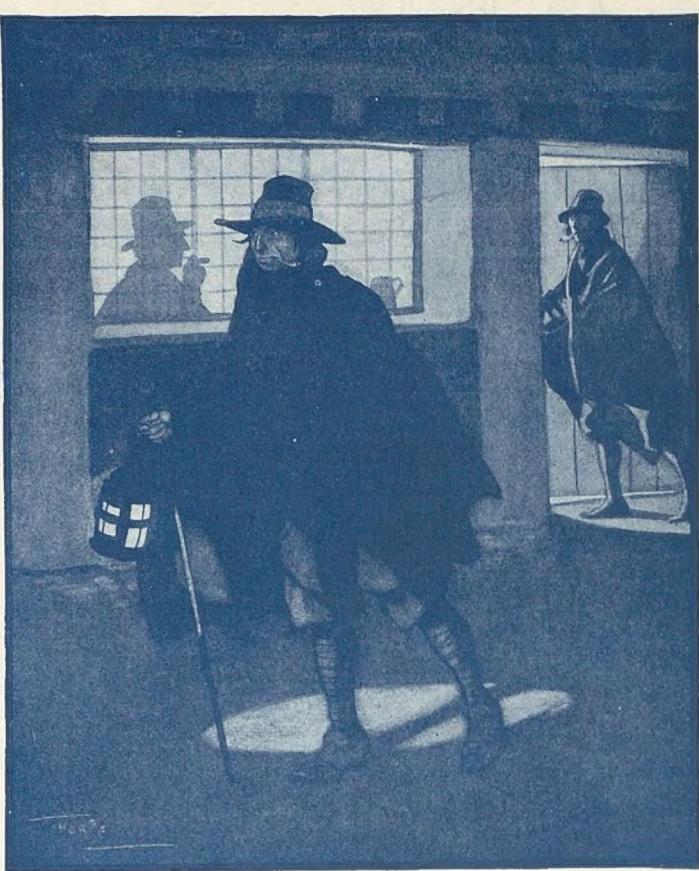
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